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O R,

C U P I D's Academy.

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An Exact and excellent Collection of all the newest and choicest Songs, Poems, Epigrams, Sayrs, Elegant Epistles, Ingenious Dialogues, Quaint Expressions, Complemental Ceremonies, Amorous Addresses and Answers, in a most pleasant and pathetick strain, fitted and prepared for all capacities. And humbly recommended to the perusal of all young Gentlemen, Ladies, and others, who are inclinable to recreate themselves with harmless mirth.

By J. SHURLY

L O N D O N



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THE

CONSTITUTION

OF

THE UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

AN

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE

CONSTITUTION

OF

THE

UNITED STATES

OF

AMERICA

BY J. A. COHEN

PRINTED BY J. A. COHEN

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T O T H E .

R E A D E R .

GEntlemen and Ladies,
of what Quality, Sex,
or Condition soever,
I have not thought it
amiss to spend some hours in
composing and collecting such
choice Rarities, as, I hope, will
serve for the first course in the
Banquet of Delight, nor can it
be amiss to usher in better Re-
creation; nay, may serve for

The Epistle to the Reader.

an Antipendium to Love : for
certainly when it was written,
Cupid himself so well approved
it, that not a Winter storm was
seen upon his brow, but all was
calm and serene as Summer
noon-tide Air : Beauty her self
sat smiling 'twixt his Silver
Wings, with fresh blooming
Roses in her Cheeks, and often
cast an amorous look ascance,
rejoycing to behold her self pour-
tray'd so near unto the life,
whilest *Venus* whispered from her
Myrtle Bower, where naked she
lay expanded on a Bed of Violets,
and bid me proceed to raise a *Col-
lassus* that might Grace her Em-
pire, if ever I hoped to be successful
in Loves blest *Elyzium*. These, and
some

The Epistle to the Reader.

some motives induced me to rifle all the Gardens in Love's Paradise of the choicest Flowers, to adorn with Garlands of Pleasure and Delight, the goodly Effigies; nay, all the Muses, who warble forth soft lays, and charm with tuneful numbers, lent their helping hands. Death and Despair were banished, and nothing but their names used now and then, to fathom the depth of deep dissimulation, or scare parlying Beauties into a compliance. In fine, Ladies, for your sakes, more than for any other motive, this Cabinet was unlocked, and I hope is capable of entertaining you in all seasons with such varieties as you best can

The Epistle to the Reader.

can relish. Therefore under
your protection I leave it, and
remain,

Ladies,

*The Admirer of your
Sexes Vertues,*

J. SHURLEY.

THE

THE PROLOGUE

Spoken by

CUPID.

Rouz'd by a gale of sighs from Cyprus fair,
Upon expanded Wings through gentle air,
Ladies I'm come to thaw your frozen Hearts,
And to revenge the long-unpitied smarts
Of sighing Lovers, whom your Eyes distress,
Yet when they sue, find you quite pitiless.
How comes it that this Cruelty I find
In Britain's Isle, where all's by nature kind?
Can it be ravish'd from my Empire now?
No, by fair Venus Star-like Eyes I vow.
I'll spend ten thousand shafts, nay, all my store,
But I'll bear rule as strongly as before:
Make coldness, coyness, and disdain submit,
And give Love scope, as I my self think fit.

I'll

I'll Tyrannize no more, unless it be
To punish those that boast of Cruelty.
My Sea-born Mother thinks it is but just
To punish them that mis-employ their trust.
Under Love's Torrid Zone I'll make them fry,
That Cynick-like my great commands deny.
Then Ladies look you to't, for I am stor'd
With Fire-tipp'd shafts, such as no rest afford:
If once they wound the Rebels to my Laws,
Then be you kind, and stay my angers cause.
When Lovers sigh, and swear their flame is true:
Kneel, kiss your hands, and all Loves symptoms
shew.

Then though your Beauties, like the Rosie Morn,
The wondering World with chearing Rays adorn:
Though your transparent Eyes dart beams of
Light,

That can the sable Goddess put to flight:
Yet be you kind, or Beauty soon will fade,
All Womenkind at first for Love were made:
And when they Love, decline no more they're fair
But prove misguiding Lights mens thoughts to
snare:

'n Myrtle Groves to spend the harmless day,
And Turtle-like, soft murmurs to convey
Into each others Souls, tell tales of Love,
With languid looks, with equal transports move:
Whilst the wing'd Choristers fly round about,
And in harmonious notes still warble out

The

The happy Union of kind Lovers blest
With Inward Joys, that cannot be exprest.

This is a Paradise, this, this must be
The only consort that can sort with me.

Those that so act shall in my Palace dwell,
And like the Sun, Heav'ns numerous fires excel.

When without Love, all in Creation's Hell.

But hark, my Mother calls, I must away,

What I have said, remember, and obey,

Love's business will admit of no delay.

The

The Love-sick Shepherdess :

A New Song.

1.

AH, what can mean that eager joy
Transports my soul, when you appear!
Ah *Strepson*, you my thoughts employ
With all that's charming, all that's dear:
When you your pleasing story tell,
A tenderness invades each part,
And I with blushes, own I feel
Something too melting at my heart.

2.

Each sigh my Reason does surprize,
And I at once both wish and fear,
My wounded Soul mounts to my Eyes,
As if 'twould prattle stories there.
Take, take that Heart, that needs will go;
But Shepherd see it kindly us'd:
For who such presents would bestow,
If this, alas, should be abus'd?

3.

Feel the powerful God of Love
Already Conquerour in my breast;
Oh me, his flames too fierce they prove,
And bid me yield, or ne'r have rest.
Then *Strepson* take your conquer'd prize,
Delia resigns her self to you:
You, you have charm'd those killing Eyes,
Which none before could e're subdue.

A young Gentleman to his Mistress, who is kept under strict restraint by her Parents, to prevent the Marriage, finding a private way to convey his Letters to her hands may thus write.

Divine Lady,

NATURES Master-piece, and the wonder of your Sex; from whom to my unspeakable grief, the cruel Destinies, or the lowring influence of my inauspicious Stars, have so long detain'd me; but yet am I not absent, by reason my better part is always attending on you: my ever chaste and constant thoughts are all employed to serve you. No Walls of Stone nor Brass-ribb'd Gates can exclude nor impair the eternal motions of the Mind; not Continents nor Worlds, where Love by his uncontrollable Laws, links Hearts, can keep them asunder. Nothing in me has been wanting to mollifie the obdurateness of your cruel Father, who cold to Love, as *December* frost, feels not the flames that without intermission, burn upon our Breasts, and make our eager Souls their fuel. Nothing, Divinest Creature, but an escape and perfect our happiness, and render us a full fruition of our mutual Loves; to effect which I have imitated *Jove*, who in a Golden shower wrapped the Beautiful *Danae* from *Argos* Brazen Hold, in which the jealous King, her cruel Father, like yours, had confined her. Your chief Guardians are already bribed and nought but your consent is wanting; perhaps you will object, you owe obedience to your Parents: I grant you do; but Almighty Love, that all-commanding Monarch, dispences with the tie of Nature; better so small a crime (which penitential tears can wash away) were perpetrated, than both to languish under the Torrid Zone of fierce desire, with

get a prospect of being fanned by cooler gales. Having said thus much, hoping you will consent, I shall leave the management of the business to M. L. your Gentlewoman, whom I have firmly engaged to our Interest; and wait for the success, on which depends my utmost happiness on this side Heaven.

Your Virtues Admirer, and constant Slave, J. S.

The Letter having been with much difficulty delivered to the Lady, she resolves upon an Escape, and returns this Answer.

Sir,

THink not but I am as impatient of my confinement, as you are of being restrained from visiting me; and have long since contrived all means not prejudicial to my Honour, whereby I might be freed from it; but such is the harsh nature of my Father, that he always has a watchful Eye over me; nor is my Mother less against my matching with you, both being the rather desirous that I should remain Wedlock with old age and infirmity, to be possessed in a great Estate, than any ways to procure my content; but my Vows to you are past, and shall never be recalled: All the tormenting Racks, scourging Whips or Circling Flames, should they meet to make one torment compleat, should never force me to a recaptation; and it were a sin to doubt you less constant; therefore I resolve to put your counsel in practice, though I were sure it would prove fatal to me both. About ten in the evening I shall expect you provided with Horses under the Great Oak: Fail not as you tender my Love and Honour. Pardon my abrupt breaking off; what more is requisite I hope to tell you by word of mouth, 'ere *Phœbus* with his

morning rays, from the portals of the Eastern Skies
gilds the flowry Plains: Till when, not doubting
your constancy, I remain

Yours by Vows in the sight of Heaven, M. G.

*A Letter sent to his Mistress, with a pair of Gloves for a
Token, on which commenting, he expresses his Amour.*

HOW happy are these skins that licence have
To kiss those hands, and fold those fingers brave,
Which to salute even *Jove* himself desires,
Longing with such warm snow to cool his fires.
These are too trivial Ornaments to shrowd
Those hands, o're which a bright refulgent cloud
Thrown from the clear reflection of your Eyes,
The which the Sun and moon do equalize.
Ever adorns, and obvious to the view,
Proves *Juno's* anger, and *Minerva's* too.
Vouchsafe (dear Saint) what time you draw on these
To think upon the dire perplexities
Your Votary endures, and now at last,
As those do clip your hands, let him your waste.

*An Epigram on an old Woman, & sirs of a young Man
band.*

HOW fain thou beautiful wouldst seem to be,
How dost thou Drink and Dance audaciously:
How unto wanton *Cupid* dost thou seek
With Palsie note. He in the beauteous cheek
Of the now freshly-coloured Northern wench,
That well is skill'd in Prick-song does intrench.
For hasty he over the dry Oaks fleeth,
And runs from thee, because thou'lt rotten Teeth:
Because that those thy wrinkles, and the Snow
Upon thy head do antiquate thee so

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That Tyrian Pearl, no nor Precious Stones,
 Can fetch again those times to thee which once.
 The winged day hath very firmly clos'd,
 In memorable Register depos'd.
 Now lusty youths behold with mirth enough,
 Thy long Light Taper wasted to a snuff:
 Think on thy Grave, in which one foot does tread,
 And dream not Wanton of a Bridal bed.

Loves Conquest. A New Song.

See what a Conquest Love has made
 Beneath the Myrtle Amorous shade,
 The charming fair *Corina* lyes
 All melting in desire,
 Quenching in tears the flaming Eyes
 That set the World on fire.

*A Politick Lady to her Gallant, upon her Husbands
 Suspicion of too much familiarity.*

Dear Love,

Notwithstanding the prying Eyes of a Jealous
 Husband have in some Nature discovered our
 Amorous Intrigues, yet such is my affection to you,
 though with the preservation of my Honour, that no-
 thing shall totally divide us, or hinder the mutual
 joys which have been conceived since our hearts were
 linked in the eternal bonds of Love: But the better
 to colour the business, whilst the storms of Anger
 and Jealousie are blown over, as you tender my Ho-
 nour, let me conjure your absence, lest the coals that
 are now scarcely kindled, be blown into such a flame,
 as will be exceeding difficult, if not altogether impos-
 sible to extinguish; but in the mean while be con-
 stant and assured of my love, for though my body

B 2

may

may be exposed to my Husbands use, yet you shall ever be sole proprietor of my affections. Even in the midst of caresses and embraces my heart shall be with you. Therefore, Sir, as you tender my love and reputation, be constant till time will admit of further happiness, which I doubt not in a short time to bring about; till when, Sir, I remain

The better part yours, E. L.

His Answer.

Divineſt Miſtreſs,

ON whom all my thoughts have been employed, how shall I in Gratitude expreſs ſo many thanks, and ſhower ſo many bleſſings on you as your care and love deſerves: Know, thou beauteous treasure of my Soul, on whoſe perfections I am ſtill intent, that I ſhall rather make my bed on the cold *Alps*, leap into fiery *Aetna's* Thunder-belching Jaws, or be hurried round the Ocean in the belly of ſome monſtrous Whale, than do ought that may procure you a moments diſquiet. Your commands my Good Angel, ſhall be obeyed, though like the Widow Turtle, I'll your abſence mourn, and fill the World with gales of ſighs, to cool the flames that ſcorch deſpairing Lovers. As ſoon will I doubt the Creation of the Univerſe out of rude and undigeſted Chaos, as your Conſtancy: for the moſt certain Love has moulded both our Hearts in one, our hearts are inſeparably linked, never to be divided but by death, nor then, for our concordant Souls freed from their clayey manſions, by attractive Fire, like Quick-ſilver put aſunder, will prove reſtleſs till they meet. Therefore, thou Centre of my Happineſs farewell, be ſwift in what you undertake, for being thus divided by accuſed Jealouſie, each moment will prove a day till we meet in loves happy

Elizium,

Cupid's Academy.

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but till then, like labouring Mariners, I'll contend with all the Storms, roar they ne'r so loud, being the happy Haven stands in view, and will be soon recovered.

Madam, eternally yours, G. B.

Love cured by disdain, or the Scorners scorned.

Proud Woman know that I am now above
As much thy sordid anger, as thy love:
Once did madly think thou hadst a face;
But when thou next shalt take thy Looking-glass,
If thou canst see at least through so much Paint,
Thou'lt plainly see thou art no more my Saint.
Thy Eyes, those glowring unmatched Twins shall be
No more the false mis-leading fires to me.
Hope not you longer shall continue bright,
For with sharp Satyrs I'll eclipse your light.
But this perhaps would signifie me vex,
And so perchance thy triumph might be next;
And thou rejoyce to think how I do rage,
Know worthless thing, I'll laugh thee into Age:
Strike wrinkles on thy scornful brow, and not
Within my self discard one pleasant thought.
Thus wretched, thou in vain shalt wish to dye,
But long e'r thou attain it: then will I
Sport on thy Tomb, with Pasquills blast thy name,
As never worthy to be breath'd by Fame.

*A Dialogue between two Countrey Lovers, viz.
Ralph and Margery.*

Ralph.

Margery, Vaith well met, Ise was ganging to
your Vathers house, Ise had a plaguey mind
to buss thee ever since last night Ise see thee zitting
in Gammer Grumble's Chimly-corner, Ise vaith Ise had,

but Iſe am ſuch a plaguey zhame-faced Dog, if Iſe ſhould ha been hang'd, Iſe could not find in my heart before vock : But now Iſe ha met thee all aloane, Iſe wol buſs thee and tell thee Iſe love, nay, by my father's clouted ſhoon, Iſe zware Iſe will, nay, thou zalt be my wiſe too, if thou woo'r.

Margtry.

Alas *Ra'ph*, what can this tend to, it cannot be that you ſhould throw your ſection on me, who am of ſuch mean birth and fortune ; ſhould your father but once imagine it, he would certainly beſtow when he dies all the Cows, Sheep, Hogs, Geefe, Ducks, Hens, and other houſholdſtuff on your Brother *Hodg*, and leave you as poor as my ſelf, and then many a long Winter night would you ſpend in curſing me, as the cauſe of your poverty and contempt.

Ralph.

Zouze and foot, if my Vather give all away Iſe care not this black-berry, vor Iſe ha got enough of my own to maintain thee like any Lady : Iſe ha vorty good Sheep my Unkle left me, beſides two Cows and a Horſe ; and if the worſt come to the worſt, Iſe worke for ten-pence a day. Yes, my Vather would ha me gang and ſmuggle *Joane Crole*, but Iſe ſware ſhe's ſuch a naſty Clowniſh Jade that Iſe am ready to zpuke when Iſe think on her, nay Iſe would not buſs her for vorty good zillings, no ſac Iſe woo'd not.

Margtry.

Alas *Ralph*, her mother can give her a good portion, and money you know is in this age ſuperiour to beauty ; for an old Widow of fourſcore, that has had five Huſbands, if ſhe be but rich, ſhall have twenty Sweet-hearts, when many a plump Laſs in the Summer ſeaſon of her youth and beauty is fain to lye by, nobody ſo much as asking what ſhall be done with her.

Ralph.

Ralph.

Zouze *Margery*, if thou wilt believe me, I am of another mind, for by the Couster of my Fathers Plough, Ise zware Ise have a plump bit of flesh if Ise have any; and if thou'lt have me, say so. In good fact we's gang to morrow to the Parson, and he's buckle us, and then a fig for my old father, let him gnaw the thong in sunder if he can.

Margery.

N.y, but prethee *Ralph* let me advise you, be not so hally, but if you love me as you say you do, first ask your Fathers consent, perhaps you may take him in the humour; and then if you will swear you will love me as dear as your own Eyes, I shall be at your command.

Ralph.

Well, let me bus thee ——— so. Ise meet thee here again to morrow, and in the mean while my dad shall be quainted with the business, till when, dear *Margery* farewell. But stay let me bus thee again, or thou wilt say I'm a meer Clown ——— so now fare thee well.

Margery.

Farewel dear *Ralph*, I shall think it long till I see you again, I find a yielding in my Breast, your pretty discourse has o'recome me.

Ralph.

Vaith Ise glad on't; but to morrow, to morrow, remember to morrow my pretty Pignies: And till then Adieu, adieu.

Margery.

Your servant, Sir.

The Rhapsody.

WHat have I lost my sense, that I should love
 Frail mortal things, neglecting those above?
 Can man whose nobler Soul ascends on high,
 To pierce the Arches of the starry Skye;
 And view the sacred mansions of the blest,
 Where all is Joy, Peace and Eternal rest,
 Look down on Womankind, who first betray'd
 The Worlds great Lord, and him a Subject made
 To Sin and Death, who ever tyrannize
 On the destructive beams of Female Eyes?

Song.

AS I late was sitting
 Beneath a Myrtle shade,
 Good *Cupid* with his Silver Wings
 Did hover round my Head:
 And whilest I gazed upon his Plumes
 A Shaft he did let fly,
 Which like Lightning pierc'd my Heart:
 And I that did despise
 Him and his conquering Arrows,
 Full soon was forc'd to yield;
 And soon became his Captive
 When he had won the Field:
 And now I do in Feaver fry
 For him I did disdain,
 Then *Venus* bring him to my Arms,
 And ease me of this pain.

*A passionate Dialogue between Damon and Phillis.**Damon.*

REproach not those follies in me, Lady, which
 you your self cause me to commit, I am re-
 duced to such extremity, that *Cupid* himself (stern
 Tyrant

Tyrant as he is) could he but see, would pity me.

Phyllis.

Sir, I understand not what you mean by what you express

Damon.

Would Heaven you did, oh that the immortal powers would vouchsafe to engrave it on your Heart, it would save me many a tear, and keep in those gales of sighs that must attend my utterance, in the relation of what is now swelled big as a Tempest in the deep Caverns of my Soul, struggling to free it self, then know divinest Lady, I come to accuse you of Injustice, you first begot my passion, and were content (at least you seemed so) that it should live, yet since would not deign to nourish it with one mild and gentle smile, but let it languish almost to despair; quickly you lifted me above the Sun, but when I supposed myself to be nearest the Heaven of Happiness, you threw me down again to Earths deep Centre.

Phyllis.

Alas Sir, why labour you thus to make me guilty of an injury to you, which if it be one, all mankind may be alike engaged, and by the ways you now do seek redress.

Damon.

Madam your reproof is just and seasonable, upon my wretched self the fault shall ever lye: O that I had been blind ere I had gaz'd upon such perfection, ere through those Optricks such rays of Beauty shot into my Soul, but yet let me hope to live on Camellions food, for Heavenly Bodies of themselves have no malicious influence, but by the disposition of the subject on which they operate: Then tell me, thou brightest of the Creation, thou that art Kindred-could to Heaven, speak, nay whisper it, if you answer

answer in the affirmative, lest the dismal sound leave me ruined like some shivered Oak, whose sturdy Trunk opposed the force of Heavens glancing fire: Do you, I say, design to marry my Rival, must he enjoy the blessing I so long have sought in vain?

Phillis.

Pardon me Sir, I see my presence disturbs you, I must be gone, my Parents expect me, and my obedience hastens me hence.

Damon.

Stay my brightest Sun, obscure not thy lustre till I'm past this Maze, this endless Labyrinth of confused thought. Oh I read it in thy Eyes, those two bright wandering fires, that lead me into Loves wide Wilderness, where Hermit-like, I must spend the remainder of my days. O that such Beauty should be made a sacrifice to Parents wills.

Phillis.

No more Sir, I must be gone, and to put you out of doubt, he that you term your Rival, is the man who must and shall enjoy me; therefore henceforth cease your fruitless addresses.

Damon.

And is it so? farewell for ever, then farewell; yet I must wear thy Chains: Nor by having such a treasure is his life free from danger; by all the Gods, he that has traduced me in my Love shall fall a Sacrifice to my Revenge, and next I'll dye my self; yet for thy sake methinks I could put up a thousand wrongs, therefore I must not stay lest I relent.

Phillis.

Farewel angry Sir, go spend your rage elsewhere, your Rival dreads you not, your feeble power is ill wedded to your will, and know for this, henceforth you never shall behold my face unless transient.

*A doubtful discovery of passionate Love.**Lady,*

I Doubt not but that you have discerned some alterations in me, and that the goodness of your disposition has made you partaker of my sufferings, but the way to relieve (I fear) is otherwise than you imagine, and if I fail now of your assistance, there is no hope of remedy for me but in death. I assure my self you cannot but wonder at this language, and that 'tis not to be questioned but you will demand an explication; but if you had never known what it is to be in love, you may well think I would never have acquainted you with my passion, lest it should have moved you to laughter: But well knowing you are not ignorant of their sufferings who languish under the Torrid Zone of *Cupid's* Indignation, I shall not spare to tell you I love you, and will expect from your fair lips the Sentence of Life and Death. In expectation of which I remain between Hope and Despair,

Divine Lady, your ever Adorer, J. L.

*Her Reply.**Sir,*

I Received your Letter, and for some time considered the contents; and indeed, as you intimate, I could not but wonder that you, being altogether a stranger to me, should make your first address by way of Letter, and that you should be in love with one with whom you never had the least converse; yet if your intent be virtuous, I would not have you altogether despair, for my doors are never shut against such whose pretensions are founded on Virtue.

So I remain Virtues admirer, E. G.

The

The Invocation.

A Rise my *Cloris* from thy shady bower,
 The rose Morning purples o're the World,
 And *Flora* raises every drooping flower,
 That sable night on the Earth's bosome hurl'd,
 The Birds in Amorous Descant through each Grove
 In sweetest notes thy praises warble forth,
 And do incite thee to be kind and love,
 Whilest I extol thee for thy wondrous worth.

Song.

Calm was the Evening, and clear was the Sky,
 And new budding flowers did spring,
 When all alone went *Amyntas* and I
 To hear the sweet Nightingale sing;
 I sat and he lay'd him down by me,
 And scarcely his breath he could draw,
 But when with a fear
 He began to draw near,
 He was dash'd with a *ha ha ha*.

2.

He blush'd to himself and lay still for a while,
 For his Modesty curb'd his desire,
 But strait I convinc'd all his fears with a smile,
 And added new flames to his fire.
 Ah *Sylvia*, said he, you are cruel,
 To keep a poor Lover in awe:
 Then once more he prest
 With his hand on my Breast,
 But was dash'd with a *ha ha ha*.

3.

I knew 'twas his passion that caus'd all his fear,
 And therefore I pittied his case,
 I whisper'd softly there's no body near,
 And I lay'd my cheek close to his face,

But as he grew bolder and bolder,
 A Shepherd came by us and saw,
 And just as our bliss
 Began with a kiss,
 He burst out with a ha ha ha.

A short Letter in verse.

Divineſt Miſtreſs,

WHom the powers above
 Have made and faſhion'd only fit for love,
 Pity the man, who wounded by your Eyes,
 Does languish, and without relief ſoon dies.
 No power can ſave, if you with frowns will kill,
 For Life and Death depend upon you ſtill.

Yours till Death, E. G.

Madam,

LONG have I courted you, but I fear in vain, for my
 Love has been ſtill returned with ſcorn, which
 makes me with reaſon ſuſpect that my happy Rival
 enjoys the bleſſing which I ſo long have humbly re-
 queſted, though without the recompence of one ſmile:
 If it be ſo, Lady, keep me not in pain, but let me know
 my doom; pronounce the fatal word, that like a Thun-
 der-bolt, can cruſh me into Atomes; for by the hope
 of your favour alone I live, and in the very moment
 am aſcertained to loſe it for ever, I ſhall be no more
 deſirous of Life, but willingly acquieſce to ſlumber
 in the Grave. In expectation of your Answer, Divi-
 neſt of the Creation, I remain

Yours to command, J. S.

Song in two parts, between Damon and Daphne.

Damon. COME my Daphne come away,
 We do waſte the Glorious day:
 'Tis Damon calls. Daphne. What ſays my Love.
 Damon. Come follow to the Myrtle Grove,

Where

Where *Venus* shall prepare
New Chaplets to adorn thy hair.

Daphne. *Damon* were I shut in a Tree,
I'd break the bark to follow thee.

Damon. My Shepherdess make hast,
The Minutes fly too fast;
Let's to those cooler shades where I,
Blind as *Cupid*, in thine eye,
Betwixt thy Breasts will ever stray.

Daphne. In such warm Snow,
Who would not lose their way?

A Health to Bacchus.

1.

THis Bumper to *Bacchus*, we'll drink it all round,
Whilest our cares in the streams of our pleasures
(are drown'd,

And our heads like the Glasses turn equally round.
Damn your Ale and Tobacco, 'tis nothing but Wine
Inspires a mans Soul, and makes it Divine,
It will sacrifice us at fair *Venus's* shrine.

2.

Let the Porters carouse in black Pispots whilest we
Drink nought but the juice of the sacred Tree;
To *Bacchus* and *Venus* we'll votaries be.
Let e'ry man stand with his Bottle and suck,
Hang the man that does sip, let him drink like a Duck,
And when we're all Drunk we will range like a Buck.

A Dialogue between Thasminus and Corina.

Thasminus.

THink you my dearest it is those little jealousies and
fears, joy mixed with doubt, and doubt revived
with hope that crown love with pleasure? no, these
are but like waking in the morning and find our ex-
pectations frustrate, when all night our fancy has with
various prospects of Happiness, pleasing Ideas.

Corina.

Corina.

No, though those make love the more delightful, for curious pictures at a distance resemble the living party whom they represent more exactly than when we take a nearer view, for love once kindled, without restraint, wastes so lavishly, that its Taper soon expires.

Thasminus.

Alas, then you would have Love feed like Cameli-
ons, only live by Air; can you imagine so great a
Prince can be contented with such slender diet?

Corina.

No there is not a greater Epicure on Earth, Sir
I have been conversant with his Steward, and have
seen his Bills of Fare, such costly ones as made me
wonder at his greatness.

Thasminus.

As how, sweet *Corina*?

Corina.

Why at his Table Hearts new slain, fresh bleeding
from the wounds the shafts late gave, are served up
whole at his Table: Roses and Lillies strow his way,
each striving to outvie each other; and all his Parlours
are enclosed with Eyes, that like another firmament,
give light to those he entertains; his last course is
Mamalade of Lips, perfumed with breath sweeter
than *Arabian* Spices in their bloom, whose odours
born by the gentle wind, chear many a league at Sea
the labouring Mariners.

Thasminus.

Rare, and what drink to all this meat, Lady?

Corina.

Nothing but Pearl dissolved Tears flowing from
Lovers Eyes, and cooled with gales of sighs, arising
from the whirlwinds of Inquietude and anxious
thoughts.

Thasmi-

Thasminus.

A rich proportion, but I believe Lady, this is but his common fare, when his Cooks *Liking* and *Opportunity* are absent, for when he feasts to the purpose, 'tis where the wise people of the World did place the *Virtues*, in the middle, sweet Lady.

Corina.

Nay Sir, you talk strangely now, I see 'tis time to leave you.

Thasminus.

Only a jest or so Lady, I hate obscenity as much as any living. Be pleased that I may wait upon you to your Chamber.

Corina.

As you please Sir.

Thasminus.

You obligé me, sweet Lady.

A Letter from a Gentleman beyond the Seas, to his Mistress.

Sweet Lady,

THough the envious waves divide our Bodies, yet though Seas, guarded Seas, nay, Continents or Worlds should they interpose, cannot divide our Souls, for mine is ever waiting on you, as well when gentle slumbers close my Eye-lids, as when waking Virtue is prompting me more deeply to ingrave (if possible) your dear remembrance on my Heart. Therefore, thou only centre of my happiness, be not dejected at my tedious absence) which (to my grief) the Tyrant Business has occasioned, for e're the Moon has twice more waned her Silver Orb, I doubt not but to be present with you in person as now in thought I am. Till which happy time I remain

Your constant admirer, and faithful Lover, G. L. Know,

K Now, cruel Woman, murders of mankind,
 That in your shackles I'm no more confin'd :
 My tortures have been too too much to bear,
 Yet in the midst of pangs I've broke the snare.
 No, thou death dealer, cruel'st of thy Sex,
 Thy smiles nor frowns shall neither please nor vex.
 The man whose Eagle flight can soar above
 Thy dull disdain, and scorn thy foolish love.
 Lay baits for such (if you must cruel be)
 Whose Souls are lull'd by fatal flattery,
 To lodge upon a Towing Precipice,
 When every puff can hurl them down from bliss.

One who has been ungratefully dealt with by a proud and scornful Mistress, may thus revenge himself.

Proud Disdainer,

I Hough I have been for a long while so unfortunate to doat upon a painted Puppet, and with such eagerness to gaze upon the Devil, inshrined in Crystal, yet at last I have found my Errour, and enjoyned my self a strict penance in expiation of my former folly, and thank my better Stars that I had not the opportunity of enjoying my foolish desires, which if through inadvertency had so fallen out, I had by this time been of all mankind the most deplorable. And therefore am bound to render diurnal thanks to Heaven for such an extraordinary deliverance, when as my rashness had driven me to the brink of ruine, where I wanted but another push to have plunged me into an Ocean of misery; but now my Eyes are open, like a night-belated Traveller, look back with fear and admiration on the dangerous Wilds through which I've pass'd secure from harm, when as a thousand lay in ambush to intrap me. So I remain,

No longer yours, but my own, R. W.

The

The Melancholy Lovers Complaint.

Hence loathed Melancholy,
 Of *Cerberus* and blackest midnight born,
 'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks and sights upholy,
 In *Stygian* Caves forlorn,
 Find out some dismal Cell
 Where the Night-Raven sings,
 And brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings:
 There (ragged as thy Locks)
 Under those gloomy shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
 In sad *Cimmerian* darkness ever dwell.

A Catch.

Come boys Drink away, merry set it round,
 It is a wet and raibey day, then let our Cups
 (abound.
 Let each man charge his Glas, to *Tom* let it pass,
 And next unto *Will* a lusty brimmer fill,
 Let each man take his Cup, and turn it all up,
 And he shall pay for all, that presumes for to spill.

*Repentance too late, or the Ladies laments for her Lover,
 kill'd by her Disdain.*

Tears I do shed, yet are they shed in vain,
 Nor can they call him back to life again:
 Yet sigh I will to wake him from his sleep,
 Thus whilest he sleeps in Earth, on Earth I'll weep:
 And since the World will not by fire be gone,
 I'll drown it in a fearful Inundation:
 Or since he perish'd by my Cruelty,
 I here will turn a weeping *Niobe*.

The Countrey-mans Letter to his Sweet-heart.

IN good Vaith *Joane*, after my Harry Commendations, my service remembred unto thee, my Love I should a zaid, but 'tis no matter for Complements, thou knowest my mind: In good vaith Iſe had a woundy mind to wooc thee any time this vortnight, but Iſe could never come to ſpeak with thee thou art ſo plaguy ſhy, but ſince I ha writtem to thee, Iſe hope all will be well again, for Iſe intend in very ſhort time to ſend thee a pair of Gloves, if it coſt me two Groats. This being all *Joane*, till I ſend you more, I ſhall content my ſelf to be

Your own Sweet-heart, Hodg the Plow-man.

A Dialogue between Jenny the Chamber-maid, and Betty the Cook-maid.

Betty.

W^Ell *Jenny* what thinkeſt thou of *Ralph* the Gardiner, can you fancy him? methinks he is a dapper fellow.

Jenny.

Truly *Betty*, I know not well what to think on him, yet he preſſes me hard to marry him.

Betty.

And will you not conſent to it?

Jenny.

Faith I know not what is beſt to be done in that caſe, I am e'n between Hawk and Buzzard, as the old ſaying is.

Betty.

Why let me tell ye, you are growing into years, and a ſtale Maid is fit for nothing but to make ſport for Foot-boys, therefore if you'd be ruled by me, I would not have you caſt him off.

Jenny.

Jenny.

Indeed to tell you the truth on'r between our selves, I have had a great mind to have been married any time this seven years : Lord, when our *Pegg* was married to *Will*, you cannot imagine how I tumbled and tossed that night, nay, I bit the corners of the Pillow, and tore the Sheets for madness.

Betty.

Nay, I my self was troubled with no small itching that bout, for how could it chuse but vex any Maid alive, to see such a dirty dra' get so pretty a fellow, whilst another ten times her betters would have been glad of a worse ?

Jenny.

And then to see how proudly she jettred it, as if, as the old saying is, her Arse had ground Ginger.

Betty.

Well, but this is nothing to the busness in hand, *Ralph* has intrusted me to bring him answer whether you will have him or not.

Jenny.

Why is he so hasty then ? it cannot be.

Betty.

Yes truly I believe if you give him a denial, he'll have *Moll Jenkins*, for I'll promise you I see him kiss her, and give her Apricocks t'other day.

Jenny.

Ha, nay rather than he shall have that Draggel-tail, go and tell him I am contented to be his Wife; and that on *Sunday* next we'll go to *Pancridge*, and there be married. Ha, be married, for my beauty begins to decay.

Betty.

Well, I shall obey, and hope you will be as solicitous

cious to *Hodg* on my behalf, for I have a tickling mind
to be married too.

Jenny.

What I can do, you shall command.

Song.

A *Stella* bright, I saw her sit
By a smooth River side,
Her Beauties light adorning it,
Whilest on the soft waves glide:
She sigh'd and cry'd, make haste away,
(Then morning blushes rose,)
I'd sooner try'd if known the boy,
And then a smile did close.

A Shepherd heard, his crook lay'd by,
And to her did resort,
No long debate he need to try,
They soon began the sport.
Till tir'd with bliss they gave it ore,
And then to kissing fall,
She sigh'd at this, craved for,
Still still for more did call.

Not satisfied till Loves free stream
Was quite exhausted; then
Forced to part with Loves stem,
But rallied soon again,
And with fresh joys renew'd the bliss,
Whilest o're them shades were spread:
So love decoy'd with Happiness,
To win a Maidenhead.

*A Dialogue between Coridon and Sylvia.**Coridon.*

Faith *Sylvia* you're unkind, of late hard-hearted
 And with your frowns you all my blooming joys de-
 (grows
 (thron

Sylvia.

Sir, I have often told you that I cannot love,
 And yet in spite of all, you troublesome will prove.

Coridon.

If that you cannot love, why carry you those Eyes
 Whose pointed rays of course poor Lovers hearts fire
 (prize

Sylvia.

Is that my crime? the fault does on your selves depend
 Must I be blinded then, because my Eyes offend?

Coridon.

No, no, you brightest Star of the whole Creation,
 Those Stars eclips'd, Loves Empire would be out
 (fashion

Sylvia.

Why do you tempt me then, seeing I cannot yield,
 Since I by struggling long from Love have gain'd the
 (Field

Coridon.

If you have won the Field, yet let poor Lovers try
 Their yet inglorious fates, to gain the Victory.

Sylvia.

You may, but never must expect to win the price.

Coridon.

Well if I miss, bright Star, I'll fall thy Sacrifice.

Song.

A Rise my sweet *Phillis*, and let's to the Grove,
 And there in shades solace, and tell of our love
 There none shall o're-hear us, there envy shan'.
 (come
 and there for Love's pleasure we shall have large
 (room;
 Whilest over our Heads the kind Myrtle shall spread,
 We'll make the soft Grass, and sweet Violets our bed.

2.

The Musick of Nightingals there shall us charm,
 Whilest we lye folded soft all arm in arm.
 Rise then, my fairest, and let us away,
 For, Hark the sweet Lark does now summon the day:
 Come, come my best Love, 'tis *Philander* does call,
 In mighty Loves name that should still command all.

The Scotch Intrigue. A pleasant Song.

Jocky and *Jenny* one evening late
 Gang'd to the Pease-mow, and there sate
 Talking of Love, when as *Jocky* spies
 Something by Moon-light, 'twixt *Jenny's* Th——
 As, dear *Jenny*, prethee what is this:
 Nothing but what should be, by this kiss.
 'Tis, dear *Jocky*, a little Fish-pond,
 Where you may angle with your muckle wand.

2.

With that *Jocky* lay'd his Bonnet by,
 And off went's Plad this pastime to try,
 Whilest *Jenny* kiss'd him in muckle sort,
 And welcom'd her dearest to the sport:
 Who cast in his bait, and it soon took,
 But at th' end on't there was no hook.

C

An

And therefore though he did angle long,
He could catch no fish, though they bit ding dong.

The Jealous Cuckolds Complaint.

DId I not catch her in the very act? shall I not believe my Eyes? Curse of Wedlock, what folly possesse mankind, that they cannot live free, but that they must throw away their Liberty to nooze themselves with a thing call'd Woman, and put their Honour in jeopardy every moment to be shipwrecked by her levity. O that I had been wiser, that I might have foreseen the fatal consequences that attend on Marrimony; Horns are intail'd to it by an irrevocable destiny; and as for mine they are of such a monstrous size, that the very Boys in the streets point at 'um: The Baggage cannot be contriv'd to gallant it abroad, but she must bring 'um home with her, and make me pay for Coach hire: O it is miserable! Judge, judge I say, my Brethren and fellow Citizens, whether this is to be born. No, had I the patience of *Job*, such scurvy tricks would wear it all out. Nay, in good faith I'll e'n carry her home again to'ther bout to her Father and Mother, no, will I take her again for a hundred pounds, as I did last time; no, in faith, if I must wear Horns, I'll have 'um tipped with Gold, I'll warrant you 200*l*. shall be the least this bout, say I will.

Of Virtue and Vice in Women.

A Vertuous Woman is an Angel bright,
A Vicious Woman black as gloomy night.
A Vertuous Woman is her Husbands joy,
A Vicious Woman does his Peace destroy.

A Vertuous Woman is a Pearl of price,
A Vicious Woman *Pluto's* Merchandice.
In Vertuous Women every thing excels,
In Vicious Women all that's evil dwells.

An Old Countrey Farmers Reception upon his Address to a young Gentlewoman.

Mistress.

Bless me, Heaven! what a mad medley of Creation's this, this cannot surely be the man my father told me was to come this morning to pay a visit; pray *Jane*, go and ask him his business,

Maid.

Truly Madam, I believe this is he that is to court you, for by the description I have had of him, it can be no other; yet 'tis good to know: pray friend, who would you speak withal.

Countrey-man.

With Mrs. *Mary*, sweet-heart, the Gentlemans Daughter of the house, here are Letters Credentials from her Father, for admitting me to speak with her.

Maid.

If you must speak with her, that's the Lady.

Countrey-man.

Oh my little Pigsnyes, how blessed am I to see thee; nay, there's no more to be said, I'll have thee my Girl, for I like thee at the first blush.

Maid.

Ha ha ha, Sir, the Hob-nails in your shoes spoil the boards.

Country-man.

Hold your Tongue you little Baggage, come, there's a Groat for you. Madam, your most humble—
nay, why dost turn away?

Mistress.

What mean you Sir, what's your business with me.

Country-man.

Cocksbodakins, my business, why don't you know my business? Why to wooe ye, I thought your Father had told you my business long since.

Mistress.

To wooe me, I think you said. Pah.

Country-man.

Yes to wooe ye, kiss ye, marry ye, lye with ye.

Mistress.

Heidday, the man's in a fit sure, pray Jane fetch a little cold water.

Maid.

No Madam, he has only made so much haste that he forgot to serve his Hogs, which makes him press his suite more earnestly, that when he has dispatched this business, he may do the other.

Country-

Country-man.

Ha baggage, did not I give you a Groat to hold your tongue, and will you still be prating : Mind her not my dear, but come sit down upon my knee, and I'll tell you more of my mind.

Mistress.

Stand off Sir, I conjure you touch me not, I say, can you be so sottish to think I'll be handled by a Hobgobling ?

Country-man.

Ha, a Hobgobling, ha, what can this mean ?

Maid.

Madam, he speaks from behind a board, like a Chimney-sweepers broom. Here take your Groat, I will serve to pay your Barber.

Country-man.

Say you so Gossip, say you so ? Ho Jack, saddle my Horse again : Farewel ye scornful tits, good buy to ye ; next time I come here again you shall learn more breeding, you baggages you shall, you shall.

Mistress.

Farewel old Clodpate.

Maid.

Good buy old Hohnails, make haste home, there's a Hog i' th' Cupboard, ha ha ha ha.

A New Song.

1.

Hence idle fears, let jealousie vanish,
 The trouble of Life we quite will banish.
 Gentle as Infant nature we'll sleep,
 Though we were toss'd on the Ocean deep.
 Disquiet hence, and troubles be gone,
 And leave my Love for to rest alone,

2.

Until the Sun from the Eastern Skies,
 To gild the Earth, does gloriously rise;
 Then to the Grove we'll strait take our way,
 And see how the pretty Birds do play;
 Then imitate their happy billing,
 In such delights as are past telling.

upon the presentation of a Ring.

Lady, as endless is my Love as this,
 Still circi'd round with hopes of happiness:
 The Posie's deep, engraven on my Heart,
 With the sharp point of Cupid's flaming Dart.
 Yet fairer would this Golden Hoop appear,
 If that a Jewel was but glittering there.
 So you in Love's great Sphere would shine most bright,
 If less severe, and proner to delight.

To his scornful Mistress.

MAdam, think you for scornful frowns I'll bow?
 No, no, my Vows of Love are cancell'd now.
 Disdainful thing, not worth my meanest thought,
 You who so many have to ruine brought:

Know

Know my just scorn of thee, shall pay thee back
 That foolish pride that late my Soul did wrack.
 With whirlwinds of Despair I now have found
 Armour that's proof, Love has no power to wound
 A Breast so strongly fortified as mine,
 Nor *Venus* make me offer at her Shrine:
 Those foolish fancies that so late possess
 My daring Soul, and robb'd me of my rest,
 Are vanish'd into Air, quite lost their power,
 And never more from me shall charm an hour.
 Your Beauties are grown dull, no more I'll doat
 On your false Image, 'tis so small of note,
 That still I cast it from me, and despise
 The Picture, in whose like such falshood lies.

*A Letter from a person whose inequality in years renders
 him obnoxious to the Lady he is in love with.*

Madam,

IT is true, time has silvered my Locks, and, as you
 say, rendered me a relict of Antiquity, yet the
 mind remains unchanged; the eternal faculties of
 the Soul are still the same, and what I want in Youth
 you may assure your self I shall make up in Experi-
 ence. Gold, that powerful Charmer of Mankind,
 I have in abundance; fortune hath plentifully opened
 her hand, and indued me with her lavish store; all
 then that you can object, is deficiency in perfor-
 mance of conjugal dues; as for that, If it so be,
 I am not altogether to be rejected, nor my ability
 doubted, being in green old age: For Lady, know a
 man of sixty, not decayed by distempers, is as capa-
 ble of pleasing a young Lady, as a youth whose virility
 is wasted by perpetual intemperance. Therefore,
 C 4 young

young Mistress, in expectation of your better respect
to him who is your servant,

I rest till you take further consideration, E. G.

Her Answer.

Sir,

I Can but wonder that a man in his declining years
should be so much overseen as to court a Virgin in
the summer season of her Youth and Beauty; as
well may *July* and *December* admit of a contracted
union as we. Can you imagine that I so little regard
the sweets of Life, as to pine all my days, whilst
other Virgins, perhaps my Inferiours, surfeit on Love's
charming repasts. No, I value not your Riches, true
content is all my desire, and without that all things
are ineffectual: Therefore Sir, I would have you
leave off your suit, and ease your self of those dis-
quiets that are evermore attendant upon courtship,
for the sake of your own repose; for certain it is, I
will never marry to age, and consequently infirmity,
though my friends should importune me never so.

Your friend if you desist, E. M.

The Love-sick Youth to his Mistress.

Madam,

I Love you: oft my Eyes have told,
The scorching feavers that my heart infold;
No pow'rs of Art can cure my great distress,
All Arts have left me now quite remed'less.
Like fam'd *Achilles* Spear, 'tis only you
That gave the Wound, can give the Balsome too.

Knew

Knew you what dreams my nightly slumbers break,
 What direful thoughts my daring Courage shake,
 So easily you'd not resent my pain,
 And let me thus in fruitless Love complain.
 Alas, What have I done, that thus you make
 My torments such as Lovers Tongues can't speak?
 What is my fault, bright Angel, say my crime?
 Have I delay'd, or over-slipp'd my time?
 If so, upon the swiftest wings of Fame,
 With hasty flight I will retrieve the same.
 Torment me not not before my guilt be known:
 To me, bright Star, too well your charms are known.
 No more you need to blazonize your power,
 For 'tis but you 'mongst all, that I adore.

Song.

I.

Hence idle fancies, perplex me no more;
 I've loved now too long, and 'tis time to give o're.
 Those Joys they are fruitless, and ever deceive,
 Which from the feign'd blessings of Love we derive.
 Disdain I've long courted, but will do no more,
 I'm now too well skill'd to be gull'd as before.

2.

All idle fancies are vanish'd away;
 And I benighted, at last have found day:
 All idle conceits that breed Love are now gone;
 And Wisdom, the Scepter does sway all alone.
 Nor ever shall folly persuade me to love,
 Unless 't be those Joys that are placed above.

upon a Letter sealed with a Heart.

BRight Mistress, when the outside I beheld,
 And saw a Heart, I thought it had been kill'd:
 But looking further, 'twas not mine I found,
 Because on it there was no mortal wound.
 Mine all bestuck with Darts, I soon had known,
Cupid has kill'd it for to feast upon.

On a Diamond in a Ring.

LAdy, the World's a Ring, yet that would be
 Without a Gem, of little use to me.
 You are the Diamond, and 'tis for your sake,
 That I so long do of this World partake.
 Were you but gone, I'd scorn the trifling Joys
 With which mankind his serious fancy cloy.
 'Tis you alone that are the Gem below,
 On Earth no Pearl of price besides I'll know.
 All trifling Glory of the World I scorn,
 'Tis you alone the Worlds great Orb adorn.
 'Tis you make Paradise, 'tis you give rest
 To those that are on Loves wide Seas distressed.
 Then brightest of Creation, yield one smile
 To him who for your sake does daily toil
 In endless thought, and in a maze of care:
 Hoping at last my blest relenting fair,
 With thee the Joys of boundless love to share.

An Epigram.

THough black my Mistress seem unto the eye,
 Yet those who do her constitutions try,
 Say they mistake that think she's kin to night,
 Assuring us that she is all o're Light.

The ill-Star'd Lovers Complaint.

Hence idle fancies, wandering shades away,
You Ghosts and Faries, whose feign'd names
(afright

The Traveller, that does by Moon-light stray,
And makes him fancy every shade a Sprite.

Go, go I say, you that disturb my rest.

With black *Cimmerian* darkness ever dwell,

That gentle *Somnus* to the man opprest,

May bring soft slumbers from his drowsie Cell,

Ere Love distracts me with ten thousand fears

Of losing her who links me in a Chain;

Who lets me languish, pities not my tears,

But takes delight to hear me tell my pain.

How long, ye Gods, shall I this Tyrant love,

This beauteous Tyrant who my torment sees,

Yet nothing can her flinty Nature move

To pity me, or give my torments ease.

O Man, my Reason, why shou'd I adore,

On that my service does (Ingrateful) scorn.

Muster ye powers of Manhood, tell wherefore

I being free, her triumphs shou'd adorn.

No, no, I am not free, 'twas a mistake,

But like a Lion in the Hunters toyl,

The more I strive the fatal cords to break,

The less unable am I to recoil.

Twixt death and her there is no mean I see,

Sleep hears not my complaint, my sighs nor crys:

Then Terrours King haste thou, and set me free,

And with eternal slumbers seal my Eyes.

A Wormwood Lecture for Contented Cuckolds, or Billingsgate Rhetorick.

HA, have I found out your haunts, Sirrah? Was it not sufficient, you Runagate pitiful inconsiderable Rascal, that I took you to be my Husband (such a one as you are) with ne'r a shoe to your foot or a shift to your back, you lowlie Rogue; but that now I have put you in a condition to live like a man, you must be gadling abroad, spending what I have carefully taken pains for, on every gill-flurt. Come, come sirrah, I'll make you turn over a new leaf, 'tis a brave World indeed, that you must sit at the Ale-house with a pox to ye. And I must lye slaving at home to maintain a fat Hostess: Get you home, I say, sirrah, and that quickly too, or I'll beat the pot about your ears; nay, I'll make the windows fly with a Devil to 'um, if you don't be jogging: What won't ye stir yet? Get ye home ye dog, or I'll kick you home before me. Faith Women may be made fools on, I see, if they hold their tongues.

The Shepherds Invitation.

Come lovely Nymph, the Winter now is past,
 The bleak East wind, and freezing Northern
 (blast,
 Are close barr'd in their Caves, and Zeph'rus brings
 The dew, restoring flowers on gentle wings.
 The Sun with *Aries* rides, and his bright ways
 Reflecting on the Golden Fleece displays
 To cheer the World, blithe Nature smiles to see
 Her self from *Hyems* cold embrace set free.
 Each Grove, my fair, invites us forth to view
 How they their late cast Robes with pride renew.

To

To hear the winged Choristers repeat
 Their notes harmonious, whilst our flocks do bleat,
 And on the flowry plain the young kids play:
 Come then, my fair one, let us trace the way
 That leads unto delight, in *Venus Grove*,
 Crown'd all with Myrtle, let's reveal our Love,
 Where Beauty's Queen with young *Adonis* strove }
 There let's in dear embraces panting lye,
 Melting in joys the World did never try.

The Shepherdesses Reply.

[Hear thy voice my *Strephon*, Love commands,
 And I commit my self into thy hands:
 I'll not be coy, but yield you love for love,
 Heavens Thunders blast those that unconstant prove.

A Gentleman fearing a competitor in his Mistress's Affections, thus writes to persuade him from any further addresses.

Sir,

W Ere you but sensible of the sincere Affections that are between the young Lady *A. G.* and my self, and could but discern the inseparable bands that unite our Souls in Love, you would cease your vain attempting any further addresses; you may perhaps conceit she has some kindness for you, because she permits you access: Know therefore Sir, that such civil favour is upon no other account than your being first introduced by me as a friend; and if you prove your self otherwise, 'tis in my power to punish your Ingratitude; therefore let me friendly admonish you not to give occasion to break that knot of friendship that has so long continued between us, by your troubling her with any further addresses,
 for

for know that by the laws of God, and with the irrevocable consent of her parents, she is and can be only mine. Having thus advised you, I leave the rest to your discretion, and remain

Your friend as you use me, J. B.

A Letter to a coy Mistress.

Divine Mistress,

Since 'tis my fate to be thy slave,
Render such piny as thou'dst crave,
Were it thy fortune so to be,
To him that courts his destiny.
My moans sufficient were to melt
A flinty Heart, who love ne'r felt :
Yet all those tears they prove in vain
To quench Loves scorching Feavers pain.
'Twas those Magnetick Eyes that drew
My heart to wander at first view.
If then to love thou wert the Womb
That gave it Life, be not the Tomb.
If thou be'st pleas'd, exile delay,
Danger attend a tedious way.
Few are the words that may combine
Our Hearts, 'tis only say, Thou'rt mine.
But if another have possess'd
Those joys that should have made me blest,
Be speedy in thy doom, and I
By death am freed from misery.

Your languishing Lover, J. B.

*A Dialogue between Antonius and Labinus.**Antonius.*

TRuly Sir, I was a fool to imagine that only death kept the doors of ill requited, since I now plainly find that disdain or black Ingratitude can give us a free Passport.

Labinus.

Right Sir, and were I as you, it should trouble me no more, I'd banish those fancies from my Breast, and be proud I had shaken off my Chains.

Antonius.

Nay, you go too far, my Chains are not yet sundered; for should I behold her matchless Beauties, I should again relapse. Oh she has all the Virtues of her Sex, Chaste, unsullied, as first opening Lillies, or the untouch'd Snow.

Labinus.

Chaste! Why do you honour me because I throw not my self from the top of some airy precipice? It is her ruine to be otherwise, for though we blame those that kill themselves, yet we seldom take so much thought as to praise men for keeping themselves alive.

Antonius.

Nay, when once she appears, her Virtues are so triumphant, that I imagine I have as many Rivals as beholders.

La-

Labinus.

All that encreases but your pain, jealousy is the very spawn of Hell, cast abroad like a deadly poison to infect the World; and kill man's true felicity. But alas, if it trouble you before you possess the object that causes it, what will you do when you possess the centre of your desire?

Antonius.

Dull and insipid as thou art, why, then I shall have no more cause to suspect, but will lodge my thoughts securely on her Vertues, not in the least doubting that a disloyal thought can harbour where so much Vertue lyes; but now ten thousand fears of Rivalry afflict my restless mind. Sure Sir, crowned Conquerours are but Types of Victorious Lovers, who possess the reality of what others not so blest, enjoy only in a dream; therefore come what will on it, I'll run a dangerous hazard for such a prize.

Labinus.

As how?

Antonius.

Why, I'm resolv'd to send a Challenge to the man I suspect she loves more than me.

Labinus.

Do and be ridiculous; give her occasion to hate you worse, and your Rival to make sport at your rash Ignorance; for a Lover in favour is like a fortunate Gamester, the more you set him, the more he wins: Nay, 'tis the humour of Women to imagine some hidden Vertue in the man who is envied by his Rival, and it consequently induces them to love him better.

Al.

Antonius.

Death and Ruine, it shall be so, come what will.

Labinus.

Nay, if you're resolv'd Sir, take your course.

A New Song.

I.

AS by a River side I pass'd
Corina fair was sitting,
And about her pretty waste
A Rush Green Girdle fitting.
Whilest that her naked Breasts lay bare,
And obvious to each Eye,
Upon her shoulders flow'd her hair
In ringlets curiously.

2.

Which made me to advance with speed,
And though she did seem coy,
Yet I to kissing did proceed,
And calling her my Joy.
Till melting she fell in my arms,
She could resist no more,
So I amidst a thousand charms,
Rifled her Virgin store.

The Essay.

HAil, sacred Sisters, who in Triple Trine
Sing pleasing numbers, warble Songs Divine
Who 'twixt Parnassus double spires do sit,
And charm the World with wondrous themes of Wit:
You invoke to aid me in my flight,
That I may soar, and reach the Towing height

Off

Of my Ambition, sing the worthy praise
 Of my bright Angel, which no Pastoral lays
 Could ever reach: No lofty *Cleo*, thou
 Must be my Patroness, and here I vow,
 The Port once gain'd, I'll crown thy Sacred brow
 With Laurels that so justly are thy due:
 And yearly my Oblation will renew.
 Then say, shall I proceed? ——— O no 'tis vain
 With thy craz'd Bark to venture on this main,
 With waxen wings to soar against that Sun,
 Whose Rays can melt them, ere thy flight's begun;
 Or shouldst thou swiftly rise, i'th' middle flight,
 Her lustre lust would o'repower thy weaker sight,
 And leave thee in a Maze of thoughtless night.
 Must I desist then? ——— Yes, 'tis just you should,
 For such perfections can't be understood.
 Rest then my Quill, no more my thoughts aspire,
 Yet what I cannot reach, I must admire.

A New Song.

1.

High thoughts and honour to others impart,
 But give me thy Heart,
 That treasure, that treasure alone,
 I beg for my own.
 So gentle a love, so fervent a fire,
 My Soul does inspire.

2.

That treasure, that treasure alone,
 I beg for my own,
 Your love let me crave,
 Give me in possessing
 So matchless a blessing,
 That Empire is all I would have.

3. Love's

3.

Love's my Petition,
 And all my Ambition,
 If e're you discover
 So faithful, so faithful a Lover,
 So real a flame,
 I'll die, I'll die, and give up my name.

Song.

Gently, ah gently Lady touch the wound
 Which you your self have made;
 That pain must needs, must needs be very much,
 Which makes me of your hand afraid.
 Cordials of pity, pity give me now,
 For I too weak for bleeding grow.
 For I too weak for bleeding grow.

Song.

1.

BY Jove I'll tell her boldly that 'tis she,
 Why should she asham'd or angry be,
 To be belov'd by me?
 The Gods may give their Altars o're,
 They'll smook but seldom any more,
 If none but happy, but happy men, but happy men
 Must them adore.

2.

The Lightning, sturdy Oaks in vain oppose,
 To strike sometimes do not disdain
 The humble shrubs that spread the plain,
 She being so high and I so low,
 Her power by this does greater show,
 Who at such distance gives so sure a blow.

3. Com.

3.

Compar'd with her all things so worthless prove,
That nought on Earth can towards her move,
Till it be exalted by her Love.

Equal to her alas there's none,
She like a Deity is grown,

That must create, or else must be,
That must create, or else must be alone.

A Letter to a Scornful Lady.

M Adam, must I be still your sacrifice,
And yet you'll not vouchsafe to cast your Eyes
On the wreckt Victim that does bleeding lye
On Love's great Altar, you to Delsie.
Oh how cou'd Heaven destruction frame so fair?
Yet bright as you destroying Angels are.
But must I blame you? No, it must not be:
What then, must I still court my destiny?
Alas, what gales of sighs sent from my breast,
The calmest air with whirlwinds have oppress'd.
How have I wept, and strove to quench in vain,
The scorching anguish of my feaverish pain:
But like a man who deadly poison drinks,
And when it flames, to coolest River brinks
With speed does haste, and there with greedy Jaws,
Hoping for ease, the Water freely draws.
But ah, alas, that does encrease his pains,
Rousing the fires that feed upon his veins
Into a ten-fold rage. So when I strive
The wounding passion from my Breast to drive,
Your fair Idea your Remembrance brings,
And *Cupid* shafts more swift than Lightning flings.
What must I do then, say, can you not love?
If not 'tis Death, or Life if you approve

Of him who is your Slave ; do as you please.
Give Life or Death, for either brings him ease,

Who has resolv'd himself yours, or his Graves, J. L.

A Letter from a Gentleman in the City, to his Mistress in the Country.

Dear Mistress,

TAKE it not amiss though I am sensible that you think my absence tedious : Assure your self I am as much troubled that some unexpected affairs have unfortunately detained me from enjoying the felicity I so often have been exhilarated with during my conversing with you ; but be not any ways dejected, neither attribute absence from any wilful neglect, for certain it is, no earthly creature is more happy than I in being ascertained of the constant affections of so divine a Lady as your self ; therefore it shall be my diligence speedily to dispatch my most urgent occasions, and then will fly to you with all the wings of eager Love, till when ten thousand joys and blessings shower upon my Divine Mistress.

Your constant and loyal Servant, never to alter till Death, J. B.

An Ode.

MIRACULOUS, what love me one whole day !

I do expect thou'lt antedate thy vow
To morrow, and wilt say,

I find that even now

We are not those we were,

Or that a Lover may forswear ;

For as true Deaths true Marriages untye,

So if you'll dare the truth to justifye,

Love's

Love's contracts like to those
 Bind but till sleep, Death's Image does unloose :
 Having thus purpos'd falshood, you
 Can ne'r be true,
 Practise thy worst of change, I'll alter too.

Perfect Beauty.

1.
SO looks the Virgin Rose,
 When cherish'd by the Genial truth,
 Her Crimson Beauties do disclose,
 As do the Ruby portals of her mouth.

2.
 Which when she doth unfold,
 Two bright transparent Rows
 Of Pearl you may behold,
 From which a breath of Amber flows.

3.
 A more than *Tyrian* Purple
 Doth o'respread
 Her Lips, which softer are
 Than the Swans down, and smoother far.

4.
 The costly juice that dwells
 In Oriental shells
 To them looks pale,
 That are so purely red.

5.
 Fair Cheeks, that look
 Like blushing Roses plac'd
 In purest Ivory,
 Or Coral within Snow inchac'd.

6.
 The Glory of the spring
 Grows pale and languishing,

For Envy so out-shin'd
By her to be.

7.

Powerful Triumphant Eyes,
That in two Crystal Prisons do contain
Death in a frowns disguise: How gladly wou'd I dye,
To be by those Eyes slain.

8.

Delightful Cruelty of those all-charming Eyes,
Who daily try
Their potency,
Yet gently Tyrannize.

*A pleasant Letter sent to a person upon the Death of his Wife,
to divert him from Melancholy.*

FAith Tom I lately was acquainted with the good
News of thy slipping out at the back-door of
Purgatory, which thou never couldst have done, Had
not Death befriended thee by charming thy Guardi-
ans into a perpetual slumber. How couldst thou
propose to thy self any felicity whilst thou cohabi-
tedst with storms and Tempests? Why man thy
house might have been really termed *Boreas's Cave*,
for whilst she lived, all thy affairs were a heap of
confusion and disorder, nothing but struggling whirl-
winds murmured within thy habitation, and when-
ever they broke loose, disturbed the neighbouring
Villagers at so rude a rate, as if a Hurricane had been
amongst them. Well, I think thou mayest count
this thy year of Jubilee, and keep an Anniversary in
commemoration of thy deliverance: But if you say,
though she was bad, yet the ties of Love and Nature
oblige you to grieve for her, and thou wilt suffer Pe-
nance

nance for her sake, imitate the Widow Turtle, never marry again, lest your second folly upbraid you more than the former.

*Yours Tom, wishing you a merry Life, and
continue free from care, D.*

In veneration of Age.

HENCE you profaners of all sacred things,
Let them be blotted, let Fame's nimble Wings
Ne'r bear their praises, who dare Age despise.
Age that is still the glory of the wise
Which is esteem'd for ever: What can be
More venerable than Antiquity?
The World's more priz'd the older it does grow,
In it more Wisdom, Riches, Strength do flow.
Age leads us to Heavens everlasting Gate,
Where Snow-hair'd Patriarchs and Apostles wait
For to convey us to the Throne of bliss,
Surrounded with Eternal Happiness.

*A Dialogue between two Lovers,
Pandolphus and Astella.*

Pandolphus.

BRightest of the Creation, how long must I languish ere you will cast on me a pitying Eye?

Astella.

Sir, I know not your meaning.

Pandolphus.

My meaning, my good Angel, if without offence I may explain it, is to know how long I must love ere I shall obtain your love in requital. In requital did I
say?

O pardon my presumption, Madam, for all I can do, is too mean an oblation to make satisfaction for the smallest of your favours; but since it is lawful for Subjects to petition Princes for things lawfully to be granted; so I am bold to ask your love though should you over-blefs me by bestowing it on me, I have nothing to make requital, but a constant and obedient resolution to serve you.

Astella.

Alas Sir, I am yet in green years, and am ignorant what Love means, and must be better instructed in that affair, by taking counsel of those that are wiser than my self.

Pandolphus.

Madam, Love himself is the greatest master in the Universe, and consequently best able to instruct you, would you but listen to him.

Astella.

No, I dare not, for I have often been told that he is all manner of Cruelty towards his Disciples, by torturing them with strange Imaginations, tormenting them with wracking Jealousies, Despair, and a thousand unlikelike insufferable tortures.

Pandolphus.

O you mistake Lady, or at least have heard the truth but by halves, for that is never but when you are cruel to mankind that Love's severe; for when you prove gracious, and like giving powers your smiling influences on us, there is not in the creation such a blessing as Lovers hearts united.

D

Astel-

Astella.

Alas, I dare not try, nor dare I longer parley, for I feel something trembling at my Heart.

Pandolphus.

Nay, leave me not, my bright Star, by whose Light I steer my course, hoping, my relenting Fair, at last to Anchor in the Haven of my Happiness.

Astella.

Pardon me Sir, I'm indisposed, and must retire.

Pandolphus.

And can you leave me, my good Genius? Can you withdraw that Heavenly face, without affording me one smile, by gazing on which I enjoyed so much felicity? Do, and give me Death.

Astella.

No, you must live: Ah I feel a yielding in my Breast, I am betray'd by an Enemy within.

Pandolphus.

And must I live then? and hast thou smiled upon me, and revived with thy sweet influence, my drooping Soul? Blest, for ever blessed be the moment when in you showered such a favour on the meanest of your Slaves. O may this moment last for ever, or at least be eternized in the registers of Fame.

Astella.

Pray Sir leave off these Rhapsodies, and for the time we must part, though I forbid you not to hope what another meeting may produce. Sir, for this time fraewel.

Pandolphus.

Go then, my brightest Sun, since thou leavest behind thee such blooming hopes of happiness, and may ten thousand blessings wait on every step thou takest, till the happy time we meet again; till when I'll riot on those pregnant hopes thou hast lavishly bestowed upon me.

A young Gentleman disbarred from the sight of his Mistress, thus consers with her by Letter.

Divine Mistress,

HOW justly have I cause to term my self unhappy, since I find my self cast down from the height of felicity before I had perfectly attained it; or no sooner had I been blessed, after much difficulty, by conversing with you, and enjoying your charming presence, the centre of all my worldly joy, but by too suspicious and cruel Parents you were snatched from me, and confined, I fear for my sake, to dreigher reclusments than are pleasing or suitable to so much goodness; but if so, Lady, then think at the same time what a matchless grief it is to my heart, what inexpressible sorrow overwhelms me, not only to consider the Inconveniencies you sustain, but likewise to think the time of seeing you is not limited; but however like the mournful Turtle, I wait with a constant patience, and in the mean while contrive all means for your deliverance: Hoping you will return a Letter, to satisfy my longing Soul of your estate and welfare; till when, and for ever in hopes of your speedy deliverance, I remain

Your unalterable Lover, C. R.

*Her Answer.**Sir,*

I Received your Letter, though with some difficulty, and was not a little over-joyed to understand your constant resolution, and the continuation of your affections towards me, as you in return may be assured of mine; hoping this trouble will in a short time be blown over, that undisturbed we shall enjoy each others society; to procure which shall be my daily study: And in the mean while I would have you rest contented, and assured of her affections, who is

Wholly yours, A.D.

A Maid or Widow being about to be forced by her Parents to wed the Man she cannot affect, may thus expostulate.

Dear Parents,

Although my sorrows and afflictions are such that I am far more capable to weep and sigh than to express my Souls deep Imaginations in any other dialect, yet I hold it my duty, nor my disobedience, to acquaint you, that because Marriages are first made in Heaven, and then contracted and consummated on Earth; therefore it being my unrepeated happiness first to fix my love and serious affections on I. T. marvel not that I cannot alter my determination, which stands as fixed and immovable as the centre, nor doubting but the Powers Divine have ordained him for my Husband; therefore in all piety, prostrate on my knees, I beseech you not any ways to oblige me to marry any other; or should I be so inclinable, yet the man you propose could never find

find place in my Heart ; therefore as you tender my
 quiet and happiness in this world and that to come, I
 humbly implore you not to go about to make me break
 my vow, for 'tis impossible to wrong me and not
 your selves, by attempting to enforce me, contrary
 to my Inclination ; but if yet you will not be sensible
 hereof, I call God to be a just Witness between us of
 your Cruelty towards me, and the candour of my
 Innocence towards you, and the man who in the sight
 of the great Judge and omnipotent Creator of all
 things is my betrothed Husband, &c.

upon the presentation of a Picture.

BEhold in this, thou mirror of thy kind,
 The beauteous Emblem of thy self confin'd.
 Fair *Vi us* Image lively is displaid,
 Here charming Beauty is in colours laid.
 'Tis here quite senseless, but in you 't has life :
 Exceeding far the Thunderers fair Wife.
 Whose Eyes in brightness do the Sun exceed,
 And in whose cheeks fresh Roses still are spread :
 Whose Neck is Ivory, and whose Breasts are Snow,
 And all's perfection that is hid below.

upon the presentation of a Looking-glass.

MAdam, in this your beauties you may see,
 Those charming Beauties that enchanted me :
 Whose force, beyond the power of Magick art,
 Through empty Air, have bore away my heart :
 Or Load-stone like, by their attractive force,
 Have power to draw the steely Hearts by force :
 For I that never lov'd nor begg'd before,
 Am forc'd to love, and suppliant-like, implore
 Your pity, me from ruine to restore.

*A young Gentlewoman having married against the will
of her Parents, may thus make her submission.*

Ever Honour'd Parents,

FROM whom next Heaven, I derived my being, and whose tender care supported my infant years from the infinite casualties and dangers that attended them: Pardon I most humbly beseech you, the error of your disobedient Daughter, who blinded with Love, and over-powered by affection, has thus erred, contrary to your express commands, to enter into a Marriage-state; but if showers of tears and gasps of melancholy sighs are able to atone for an offence of this Magnitude, they have already been offered in Sacrifice to your just displeasure; the sense of lying under your anger has still attended on my midnight dreams, and terrified my broken slumbers with the shadows of those severe Judgements the disobedient may justly expect: Therefore if Repentance can wash away my guilt, and restore me to your favour and good opinions, all the business of my life shall be thought insufficient to expiate my rash folly; but if you still resolve to persist thus obdurate and unmov'd, and will not deign to cast a pitying Eye, to ease the torments I endure, then casting off all further thought of Life, I'll seek for quiet slumbers in the Grave.

*Your now most obedient and sorrowful
Daughter, A. L.*

*The Father's Reply.**Daughter,*

I Have received your pretended submission, and communicated it to your Mother, who disobedient as you are, finds a yielding in herself to pity your overweening folly and rashness, and has so far prevailed upon my good nature by many perswasive arguments, that in hopes your future obedience will make some amends for that which had well nigh brought my gray hairs with sorrow to the Grave, I have cancell'd my resolves, but will you upon pain of incurring my further displeasure, not to enter my doors till you obtain my leave; yet be of good comfort, for I am still your Father, as you prove your self obedient.

J. G.

The Scorned scorned. A Song.

1.

M Adam, no more I ask your love,
Your charms I all despise,
Paint nor Perfume no more shall move
Me to such fond Idolatry.

Cupid, thou God of Troubles, hence,
Thou Enemy to rest,
Against thy shafts I have a fence,
To guard my wary breast.

2.

That Woman should suppose disdain,
Scorns, taunts and coyneſs are
The way our services to gain,
And take us in their snare :

D 4

'Tis

'Tis nothing so, for these are things
That ever set us free :
Ingratitude it always brings
Loves Captives Liberty.

A Dialogue between Philander and Celia.

Philander.

Well met, my lovely Nymph, beneath this
This happy Grove at first for Love
Lye down, my Joy, upon this flowry Bed,
Which is with Violets all inamelled.

Celia.

And what must then be done, my blushes rise,
And Love begins o're me to Tyrannize :
Nay, kind *Philander* don't a Nymph surprize.

Philander.

Alas, why now so coy ? How long shall we
Discourse of Love, and own his Deity ?
Yet like dissenting Subjects disagree,
When all in's Empire shou'd be harmony ?

Celia.

Could I but think you true, I'd entertain
The pleasing shaft that seeks to wound in vain,
And freely give you leave to ease your pain.

Philander.

True! doubt not, my lovely Nymph, 'twere sin,
Beyond the scope of Thunder's punishing,
Should not I ever ever constant prove,
And bow to nought but you and conquering Love.

Celia.

Then thus I yield to my *Philander's* Arms,
No more I'll dread nor fate nor fortunes harms,
But blushing lye amidst a thousand charms.

Philander.

Bless'd moment, happier far than Infant time,
When our first Parents in their blooming prime,
In *Eden's* sacred soil, under each shade
To charming Love the Rights of Nuptials paid.

A young Gentlewoman whose Parents earnestly press her to marry the man she loves not, writes to him she loves to free her from the temptation by a speedy Marriage.

Sir,

Since I saw you last, great has been the tryal of my constancy to you, through the incessant solicitations, nay, commands of my Parents to marry with *B. W.* but such is my unalterable resolution not to break the vows made to you before the sacred powers of Heaven; that still when they urged me, I answered with nothing but tears and sighs: Yet seeing all flesh is subject to frailties, as you tender my welfare and your own, contrive a way by which I may be delivered from these temptations, which cannot be effectually done but by a speedy Marriage, which will put an end to your Rivals hopes, and give us the mutual satisfaction we so long have wished for. Sir, in expectation of your Answer I remain.

Your constant Friend, M. B.

D 5

HAS

*His Answer.**Dear Lady,*

IN whom do centre all thy joys, most to be admired
 of thy Sex, whom neither Riches nor the gaudy
 gloss of Honour can tempt to break thy vow,
 what recompence am I able to return; capable of me-
 riting one adorned with the richest gifts of Nature,
 and made compleat by the lavish hands of Virrue and
 Wisdom, they having trusted thee with all their
 choicest store; but since our Souls are indissolvably
 united, words are of the smallest efficacy, therefore
 as your request shall (e'r the bright coursers of the Sun
 have circled round the Universe) be performed, I
 hope well to your satisfaction; till when, and ever af-
 ter, ten thousand blessings wait upon the Divinest Mis-
 stress of him who is

*Your Virtues Admirer, J.S.**A Song.*

1.

Jenny come away, *Jocky* does call ye,
 Our kine they do stray, and lost will all be,
 Unless thou *Jenny*, come to the Field,
 Where he win thee if thou'lt yield.

2.

Come, my bonny Lass, the morning invites,
 Smiling on the Grass, to Love incites:
 Geud Faith Ise love thee many a day,
 But cou'd not move thee Love to repay.

3.

Jocky Ise hear thee, and will come to thee,
 Yet Ise do fear me thou wilt undo me,

But if thou'lt do, I'll tell my Mother,
And she you know will tell thy Father.

4.

Prethee sweet fear not, I'll be kind,
Jealousie wear not, for thou wilt find
Jocky constant; yes, and so loving,
That by this same kiss, he's ne'r be roving.

The true Symptomes of Love.

IF when thy Stomach calls to eat,
Thou cutt'st thy fingers 'stead of meat;
And with much gazing on her face
Dost rise an hungry from thy place,
By these acts thou dost discover
That thou art a perfect Lover.

2.

If when she appears i'th' room
Thou quak'st, and presently art dumb:
And in striving this to cover,
Dost repeat thy words twice over:
Thou by this dost plain discover
That thou art a perfect Lover.

*A Dialogue between Cupid and Somnus; the feigned
Gods of Love and Sleep.*

Cupid.

Drowsie wretch who buriest the World in sloth,
and like thy elder Brother *Death*, stealest away
those joys that are assigned for mortals happiness be-
low, how darest thou enter my Palace to rob my
willing Lovers of those Delights, which thou art ne-
ver capable to give? Haste hence, by my all-con-
quering shafts I thee command; fly, I say, to humi-
le Cottages, where moiling Swains, tired with
the

the tedious labour of the day, cover thy drowſie embraces.

Somnus.

Thou troubler of the World, and enemy to reſt, thou haſt not power to limit my univerſal Empire, all Creation owes me homage, nor can Natures ſelf withſtand my force; the wakeful Warriors, though ſurrounded with continual danger, own my charming force, and lulled by me, reſe on the cold ground as eaſie as upon Beds of Down; when thou diſtraſteſt mankind with ſtrange deſire tormenteſt him with anxious thoughts, ten thouſand fears and jealousies daily wait on thee, death and ruine are frequently thy gueſts, uſhered in by luſt, ſtolen embraces, breach of Wedlock, Jealouſie and Deſpair.

Cupid.

Thou bold Detraſter hence, or by my Mother Venus ſtarry Eyes, my winged ſhafts, pointed with ſcorching ſeavers, ſhall deſtroy thy drowſie Monarchy, turn thy ſecureſt ſleeps to broken ſlumbers, and with ten thouſand frightful dreams diſtraſt thee, till thy Subjects fly thy yolk, and willingly haſten to thy Brothers Death for his protection.

Somnus.

By the Worlds ſweet Reſe, I fear not all thy force, but laugh thee ſtill to ſcorn, and it ſhall henceforth be my buſineſs to joyn with Bacchus to the ruine of your feeble Empire.

Cupid.

Thy power's too weak, nor are thy charms of force
With ſleep, a Love-ſick ſeaver to divorce.

The Shepherds Address.

Lovely Maid, best of any
Of our Plains, though thrice as many
Vail to Love, and leave denying :
Endless knots let fates be tying.
Such a face, so fine a feature,
(Kindest, fairest, sweetest creature)
Never yet was found but loving,
Oh! then let my complaints be moving :
Trust a Shepherd, though the meanest,
Truth is best, when she is plainest.
Love's not Love, with Vows contesting,
Faith is faith, without protesting.
Time, that all things doth inherit,
Renders each desert his merit.
If that fail in me as no man,
Doubtless time ne'r won a Woman.
Maidens still shou'd be relenting,
And once flinty, still repenting.
Youth with youth is best combined,
Each one with his like best twined.
Beauty shou'd have beauteous meaning,
Ever that hope easeth 'plaining.
Unto you, whom Nature dresses,
Needs no comb to smooth your tresses.
This way it may do its duty,
In your Locks to shade your beauty.
Do so, and to love be turning,
Else each Heart for you'll be burning.

A short and passionate Epistle.

Wonder not, Lady, that in verse I write,
 Since you more fair than my bright Muse,
 (incite

My ravish'd Soul to muster all its power,
 And at the shrine of your bright self, implore
 The mighty favours that your bounties give,
 To those that by your smiles do own they live.
 Pardon my boldness then, that I request
 You'd bid me hope, To make me ever blest:
 For on your will both Life and Death depend,
 Smiles to *Elixirum*, frowns to death can send

Your devoted Servant, G. L.

An observation on Love.

HE's frantique sure that truly says
 That he can love a tedious hour,
 I mean not love in such short time decays,
 But that it ev'ry moment shifts its Bower;
 Who would not laugh at me
 If I should say,
 I saw a flash of Powder
 Burn a day?

2.

For Love, like Lightning's hot and cold;
 It comes and goes both at one time,
 It's in a moment bought and sold,
 And ever-fading in its prime.
 'Tis got, 'tis lost, 'tis got
 And lost again;
 And for a moments joy,
 Gives days of pain.

The Invocation.

ECho sweet Nymph, that livest unseen
 Within thy Airy Cell,
 By slow *Meander's* Margent Green,
 And in each fair inamell'd vail,
 Where sweet Harmonious *Philomel*,
 Nightly to thee her ravishments does tell.

2.

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
 That bright as thy *Narcissus* are :
 Oh if you have
 Hid them in some flowry Cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet Queen of *Parly*, Daughter of the Sphear ;
 So mayst thou be translated to the Skies,
 And give resound to Heavenly Harmonies.

An Epigram.

Sillius has brought from strange and barren Lands,
 A black and swarthy Wench, with many hands ;
 The which he does in Golden Letters say,
 That she's his dearest Wife, not stoln away.
 He might have sav'd, Heaven knows, with small dis-
 (cretion,
 The Paper and the Ink, and his Confession ;
 For none that doth behold her face and making,
 Would judge she e'r was stoln, but by mistaking.

A Gentleman being reduced to the point of Death, by his Mistresses disregard of his passion, may thus express himself, to move her pity.

Divineſt Miſtreſs,

I Have ſent you in this Paper a gale of ſighs to kindle the flames of Love in your Breſt, though I would not have them equalize mine, who know no mean, but make me all a Torrid Zone, ſrying in a continual Feaver, whoſe heat has near dried up the ſprings of Life, and will at laſt prove my Funeral Pile, where *Phœnix*-like, I ſhall in ſelf-kindled flames expire, unleſs you by ſympathizing do abate their ardour; you whoſe Eyes, like Burning-glaſſes, firſt inflamed my Soul at a diſtance, can only give me reſt; therefore, fair Lady, as you tender my Life, and would be eternized in the Book of Fame, for raiſing him from the brink of the Grave, whom all *Apollo* cannot ſecure from death. Let your Mercy over balance your rigour. And ſo, Lady, in expectation of your commiſeration, I remain

Your languiſhing Lover, J. B.

A ſhort entertainment of Love: In a Dialogue between Calidon and Celia.

Celia.

YOur Complaints, which trembled through my Ears, have had the power to alter both my will and mind, ſo that I am now reſolved to give your ſervices their recompence. And if my angry Parents will openly permit the celebration of the joyſul ceremony, I am reſolved to marry you in private, and to permit you to riſſe all the ſtores of Love, whileſt your

in-

intended Rival, failing in his expectation, languishes
and seeds on empty thought.

Calidon.

Bright soul of Love, Mistress of all perfection, Nature's Master-piece, and Earth's unvaluable Jewel, what recompence can worthless me return for such an inestimable favour? nothing but an endless and boundless Love can make the least return of Gratitude; therefore be assured my Life shall be but one great study, and that shall be in considering how I may in some measure recompence your goodness.

Celia.

Why all these ceremonious Complements and quaint expressions? you know long since you have been sole proprietor of my affections, and now nothing but the sacred tie of Wedlock remains to complete our mutual felicities, and that shall be performed whenever my love pleases.

Calidon.

To morrow then be thou the happy day, may Phoebus from the East ascend with smiles, as on the Infant World, and may each propitious Star from his Eternal Sphere shed all his influence on Mankind, and Edenize the Universe: To morrow, my dearest, and till then a thousand blessings wait upon my Love.

Celia.

To morrow, my only joy, shall those bands be tied, which shall render our joys as perfect as our first Parents were in Paradise; and till then farewell, thou sole possessor of my heart.

Cali-

Calidon.

Farewel, my only joy, and highest hope, on this
side Heayen.

A Sonnet.

Come away, blest Souls, no more
Feed your Eyes with what is poor,
'Tis enough that you have blest
What was rude; what was undrest;
And created with your Eyes,
Out of Chaos, Paradise.

2.

These Trees no Golden Apples give,
Here's no *Adam*, here's no *Eve*,
Nor a Serpent dares appear,
Whilest you please to tarry here.
Oh, then sit and take your due,
These the first-fruits are that grew
In this *Eden*, and are thrown
On this Altar, as your own.

Song.

1.

Strife, hurry and noise that fills the lewd Town,
Sure at last 'tis time to give over,
And in the calm shades of the Country alone,
Blest quiet and ease to recover.

2.

Smiling hopes, idle fears, and restless desires,
Are the busie mans constant attendants;
What he vainly pursues, the mind that retires
Already is come to an end on't.

The excellence of Virtue. A Poem.

Hence gaudy Beauty, outside fairness hence,
 All thou canst do is but to please one sense;
 But Vertue centres i'th' Eternal mind :
 'Tis such a Mine as *India* ne'r confin'd,
 Nor *Tagus* Golden Sands, could yet compare
 To that rich treasure which the Vertuous share.
 'Tis all *Elizium*, the path-way to Heaven,
 That best of gifts that was to Mortals given.

Song.

I.

When busie Fame o're all the plains
Parthenia's praises rung,

And on their Oaten Pipes each Swain

Her matchless praises sung :

The envious Nymphs were forc'd to yield,

She had the sweeter face,

No emulous disputes they held

But for the second place.

2.

Young *Coridon*, whose stubborn Heart

No Beauty e'r could move,

But smil'd at *Cupid's* Bow and Dart,

And brav'd the God, the God of Love

Wou'd view this Nymph, and pleas'd at first

Such silent charms to see,

With wonder gaz'd, then sigh'd and curst

His curiosity.

Song.

Song.

I.

Smil^{ing} Phillis has an Air
So enchanting, all men love her,
But her hidden Beauties are
Wonders I dare not discover :
So bewitching, that in vain
I endeavour to forget her,
Still she brings me back again,
And I daily love her better.

2.

Kindness springs within her Eyes,
And from thence is always flowing,
Every minute does surprize,
With fresh Beauties still a blowing.
Were she but as true as fair,
Never man had such a treasure,
But I die with jealous care,
In the midst of all my pleasure.

3.

Free and easie, without pride,
Is her language and her fashion,
Setting gentle Love aside,
She's unmov'd with any passion.
When she says I have her Heart,
Though I ought not to believe her,
She so kindly plays her part,
I cou'd be deceived ever.

An Apprentice who has left his Master to ramble, and finding his folly, may thus sollicit by Letter to be again received into favour.

Sir,

Nor without abundance of sorrow and remorse do I think of the happy state from which my youthful follies have transposed me, nor am I unsensible of the miseries I have sustained since I left your service; therefore, though with shame and confusion of face, I importune you once more to receive your wanderer, and my double diligence shall I well hope make amends for my neglect, and great offence. So resolving to throw myself at your feet, and undergo such punishment as you shall think fit to inflict upon me, rather than live thus miserable. I shall second my Letter with my presence, and till then I remain

Your Penitent Servant, L. B.

A Dialogue between John the Butler, and Dorothy the Chamber-maid.

John.

WELL, my pretty Dolly, you know I have a long time born you good will, now I hope you will requite me with love for love.

Dorothy.

Truly I know not how to believe you, though, I must confess, you have often told me so.

John.

John.

How, not believe me, my precious? O be no longer diffident, but if thou wilt still torment me by being hard-hearted, I'll soon convince thee of the sincerity of my affections, by making an *Exit* into the other World,

Dorothy.

Ha, how do you mean?

John.

Why, in plain *English*, I'll kill my self rather than endure the tormenting pains of Love without hope of ease or intermission.

Dorothy.

Nay, talk not of Death whilst there's business for Life, all this seeming Cruelty was but to try thy patience and constancy, and now I find them both proof I'll cease the Combate, and yield you the Victory.

John.

O happy sound, speak those words again, nay, let some Angel with a Golden Trumpet sound them to the World, this very moment recompences all my care, but wilt thou be mine, speak, or do I dream thou saidest it?

Dorothy.

I will be yours, therefore use me as you please.

John.

The joy's too big for this place longer to contain, come my Joy, let us haste to consummate our happiness.

Dorothy.

What you please.

Dialogue between an Apprentice, and his Masters Daughter.

Prentice.

Mistress Mary, since your Father and Mothers absence gives us opportunity, why may not we talk of Love?

Masters Daughter.

To what end?

Prentice.

Why truly to the same end that all young Men and Maids do.

Masters Daughter.

As how?

Prentice.

Why, tending to the happy Joys of Marriage?

Masters Daughter.

Marriage I think you said, nay, first serve your time out, and then I will be soon enough to discourse of that affair.

Prentice.

Nay, my best Mistress, do not frown upon me, for tis for your sake only that I have undergone so much slavery as I have.

Masters Daughter.

For my sake, how can that be? Are you not bound to do what you do?

Prentice.

Prentice.

Alas, those bonds would have proved far too weak to have held me, had I not been fast fettered in the chains of love, laid by your perfection to enslave my soul.

Masters Daughter.

Fie upon it, how you talk now: Well *James*, be observant to your Master, and when you are out of your time, I'll tell you perhaps more of my mind, and in the mean time I do not forbid you my company at convenient times.

Prentice.

Ten thousand thanks, my Divineſt Miſtreſs, for ſuch a bliſſing; as for you, I would not grudge to exceed the Patriarchs ſervice for his much-loved *Rachel*.

On Honour.

1.

HONOUR's a blaſt, a bubble, nought but air,
Which at a diſtance only can look fair,
And ſtill attended is with doubts and care,
Which fail not to bring forth black deſpair.

2.

By Death 'tis oft achiev'd, and ſeldome ſtood,
Unleſs at ſome time it were mark'd with blood:
Its Sea's Ambition, on whoſe boundleſs flood
It's often, often toſt, till all is loſt that's good.

Song.

I.

MY Love she is fair, although she is cruel,
 And never does spare to make my Heart fuel :
 Her Tresses like Gold do glistening flow,
 And her cheeks they infold both Roses and Snow :
 Her breath is perfume, beyond *Asia's* sweets,
 Or *Arabian* Gum, when *Phœbus* it heats.

2.

Her lips and her Teeth to Coral and Pearl,
 To each one that seeth, still are parallel :
 Her Neck, like the Swans, so white does appear,
 Her Breasts and her Hands they sure have no peer.
 Her Belly, and what's below, my Muse cannot paint;
 Nor no man shall know those rare parts of my Saint.

The Country-mans wooing. A New Song.

John.

FAITH *Bessy* you know that I long have loved you,
 And to be my Wife full often have moved you,
 But you have looked scornful; yet now tell me true,
 What is it, my Sweeting, you mean for to do?
 That you will have me, deny me no more,
 For I of Complements have spent my store :
 Then say, shall us wedded be? Nay, Love, blush not,
 For I'm resolved to know the very upshot.

Betty.

Are you in earnest then? nay, if you be so,
 I must ask my Mamma before I can go :
 I warrant she'll glad be, when once she hears on't :
 She oft hear you talk, but ne'r ween'd you'd a don't :

E

Eu-

But if we mun be married: Ah! be marry'd,
 Iſe will be to the Kirk on Horſe-back carry'd;
 And then we's have a feaſt made of Curds and Cream,
 Where Iſe am reſolv'd for to watchel mine weam.

John.

Then art thou ſo willing, my pretty Pignies,
 The only Jewel that *Jory* e'r did prize:
 Then to thy Mothers Houſe ſpeedily let's gang,
 For to be tickling of thee, faith I do lang:
 We'll dally on the Peaſe-mow, ſport it merrily,
 And all the pretty arts of Love there will try:
 I will clip thee in my Arms, with ſoft kiſſes,
 Such as Gentlefolk give to their kind Miſſes.

Love's force deſpiſed. A New Song.

I.

Away fooliſh Boy,
 I'll not endure
 Love, that ſimple toy,
 For to procure
 To me the leaſt annoy.
 Away with your Quiver,
 Your idle Dart
 Shall never, never
 Procure my ſmart,
 But I'll brave you ever.

2.

Oh! that men ſhould be
 Afraid of one
 Who cou'd never ſee,
 And at his Throne
 Still to bow the knee.

Who

Whom folly impowers
 For to bear sway,
 When as idle hours
 Us do betray,
 To sleep in his Bowers.

The forsaken Damsel.

I.

Blue *Thetis*, Goddess of the raging Sea,
 Whom all the Beauteous Nymphs obey,
 From whose dread anger all the *Tritons* haste,
 Scowring through *Amphitrite's* wast,
 Which is calm when you smile, but when you frown,
 The mounting surges Nations drown.
 Haste, great Goddess, haste unto my aid,
 Who by false man am now betray'd.

2.

Who with my spoils does triumph on your waves,
 Proudly the God of Love he braves.
 Inslav'd my Heart, and then from me did fly ;
 Which is the worst of Tyranny.
 Sink him with Winds, his Ship with Lightening burn,
 Or speedily force his return.
 For I have such a seaver in my Breast,
 That he or Death must give me rest.

The Loyallists Delight. A New Song.

I.

Great *Charles*, our blest Sovereign,
 At last has subdu'd
 The murmuring faction,
 That strove to intrude

Into matters of State,
 For to embroil the Nation :
 Sedition no more
 Shall be made a vocation.

2.

But under the Reign
 Of so bounteous a King,
 From whom all Virtues
 And goodness does spring.
 Good Subjects shall flourish
 In plenty and peace,
 Whilest faction now blasted,
 Shall ever decrease.

A Song.

1.

H Ark how the Drum beats,
 To the Wars let's go,
 Dub a dub a dub Boys,
 Ay is it so ?
 Then come my Lads along, come
 There's Honour to be gain'd,
 We are all true *English men*,
 Our Courage ne'r was stain'd.

2.

But if we first carouse it,
 We shall be more than men,
 We shall fight like any mad,
 One of us will beat ten.
 The lusty *Dutch*, so fam'd at Sea,
 Whilest sober ever shrunk ;
 But fought like Tygers for their prey,
 When they are soundly drunk.

3. Then

3.

Then fill each bowl up to the brim,
 'Twill make us for *Mars* more fit,
 'Twill strengthen our arms against all harms,
 And sharpen our dull Wits.

Tan ta-ra-ra-ra the Trumpet sounds,
 Of nothing but War we now must think;
 Yet do nothing rashly,
 First let us drink,
 Yet do nothing rashly, &c.

The Milk maids delight. A New Song.

1.

IN the morning betimes we dabble i'th' dew,
 And though our smock's wet, what is that to you.
 The fragrant fields us Nosegays do yield,
 And the Lark she doth sing, to welcome the spring,
 Whilst the Kine they cry *Moo-moo-moo*.

2.

Full Udders we stroak, and make Curds and Cream,
 And with good Sullabubs warchel our weams;
 Or make our selves happy, with Ale that is nappy,
 Fill'd in a brown Bowl, or trip round the May-pole,
 Whilst each takes the Lad she esteems,

3.

From cares and debate we ever are free,
 And there's none lives so happy, so happy as we:
 Let 'um talk what they will, we best lives lead still,
 No care nor strife does trouble our life,
 And when we want husbands, our Loves soon agree.
 And when, &c.

To his Mistress, upon her recovery from a fever.

AH! whither fled are a'l those Roses-fair,
 That lately in your cheeks fresh blooming were
 Cruel Disease, that dares drive from its place
 That Star-like lustre that adorn'd your face.
 Your grief was short, yet you may feel by this
 What Loves tormenting, burning fever is.
 And learn to pity Lovers when they lye,
 Self-*Phoenix* Martyred in Loves agony.
 And as time will restore each blush again,
 So likewise let it ease my feverish pain;
 Restore with kindness him you've almost slain. }

The Welsh-mans Complementall Letter to his Mistress.

Hur pretty Pigsnie,

HUR having seen hur some two ray' ago, hur had a
 whole for' nights mind to spak with hur, but
 hur has such a plaguy sight of pifness that hur can-
 not find in hur heart to spare time, for if hur cud, pluz
 hur was come and play a game with hur at Whipper-
 shine, for hur is seldom without Tice in hur Pcke.
 If hur was know what hur was, hur was tell by
 St. Taffe hur was a Shentleman of *Wales*, and a great
 Trase'er, for hur has been a top of *Penman-Mower*.
 If hur was know hur estate, cot hur was worth two
 pound year Land, beside hur have seven Goat, two
 Cow, (pluz was have cousboby enough) four Sows-
 babies; nay, hur was richer than hur was thought
 hur was, for hur have six Robin Run-holes in hur
 Pingle, cot all hur none coods, if hur was catch 'um:
 Nay,

Nay, hur was not tell all yet, for hur has a crate many
 of hur nown cozins, hur have *Hugh ap Danie, ap Shon,*
ap Shin'ing, ap Shoane, ap William, ap Tomas. And if hur
 was enquire for hur, as hur said before, hur was
Shon a Morgan, Shentleman of Wales. And so hur
 was pid hur farewel till hur sees hur, for Cot let hur
 take notice hur was come shortly and give her a visit :
 Till then hur will let hur alone, and mind hur pisness.
 This, this from hur nown Sweet-heart

Shon a Morgan, Shentleman of Wales.

A Cantion to Prodigal Lovers.

I f long you'd have the Worlds wild females love,
 Beware that they too costly do not prove.

A thousand ways they have youths to beguile,
 And win your Treasure with an empty smile.

Some silently into your Purse will creep,

And jestingly will snatch things they will keep :

And by some sleight and pretty wanton suit,

Themselves will leave you destitute.

If by the Shops she goes, she spies fine toys,

And strait she enters for to make her choice :

Looking on each, then asks thee thy advice :

Which when she does, to answer still be nice.

Though she with kisses tell thee she does need

Lace, Silk or Gold ; to answer her take heed :

For by feign'd kindness, she will draw you on

To pay for what her fancy's fix'd upon.

Tis cheap she swears, the like she ne'r cou'd buy,

Then wishes she the wear of it might try.

If that won't do, she says 'tis her birth-day,

And for some present on the same she'll pray :

Which got, when e'r she wants she will be sworn
 It is her birth-day, she was that day born.
 Sometimes she'll feign a passion, seem to weep,
 Alledging some sad loss, much seeking keep,
 As she had something of great price let fall,
 And say her friends her to account will call
 For such a Jewel, though the price were small.
 Then chearing up, she smiling in thy face,
 Will beg thee buy another in its place ;
 Or lend her Money, she will it restore :
 Beware of that, what's lent is thine no more.
 These, and a thousand Arts leud Women have,
 Unskillful Lovers strangely to deceive.
 But when all's gone, you'll them disdainful find,
 No more they'll love, no more they will be kind,
 But fly your converse swift as Eastern Wind.

The Misers dreadful Vision.

A Miser having set his Heart on Gold,
 Adores his wealth till sleep his Eyes infold,
 But broken slumbers for a time possess
 The drowfie portals of uneasie rest :
 At last God *Somnus* with his sleepy Eows
 Sprinkling his face, a deadly sleep insues.
 Dreams and strange fancies dance about his Bed,
 Ten thousand Proclamations fill his Head.
 Full Chests and Coffers cramm'd he seems to see,
 To tell strange Coyn he seems intent to be.
 Placing of Jewels, whilest he sparkles round
 With Earthly Stars, when in the midst a sound
 Dismal as dying Groans, bid him prepare,
 And then a dreadful Image did appear,

And shaking a bright Dart, before him stood,
His Scarlet Robe, still dropping wet with Blood.
When strait his Wealth a whirlwind puff'd away,
And he to air dissolv'd, nor did he stay,
But snatch'd by a black Guard, and hurried thence
Into dire darkness, dismal to the sense.
Hear but no fire, vapours of sulphury smoak
From ugly *Demons* nostrils hourly broke.
When on a sudden there did pierce his Ear
Such sad laments as Mortals ne'r did hear,
When Widows, Orphans, and Self-murderers hild,
And such as had by Execution dy'd,
Or starv'd in Prison, all undone by him:
And seizing on him, forty tug'd each limb,
And hal'd him soon before a *Demon* grim:
Who ask'd the cause, and had it told him strait,
The Miser caused their untimely fate;
By cozening some, he made them take the Road,
And so at Tyburn make their last abroad.
Widows unhous'd, with cold and hunger di'd,
Orphans to Sea forc'd, perish'd by the Tide.
Others by him imprison'd, lost their breath,
And died a languishing and redious death.
To these known truths himself had nought to say,
But promises that he would all repay.
But that sufficed not for th' mischief done,
For he his dismal doom received soon,
The Gold and Silver he unjustly got,
Meked, in flaming Crucibles was brought,
Whilest on his Back he lay, stretch'd wide his Jaw,
They poured into his insatiate maw.
Which scalding torture, wak'd him from his dream,
When pondering on the dire and dreadful theme,
He vow'd nor to grow honest, and agree
To give his Captive Debtors Liberty:

Renounce Extortion, never take a bribe:
 Forsake the ruinous ungodly Tribe
 Of Hell-hound Usurers, and thus by thought
 The Devil has a Reformation wrought.

The Monsieurs Letter to his Mistress.

ME very well Love you, your pretty tempting face
 does invite me to doo so, me very well know
 that you be a very fine Gentlewoman, be Gar Ma-
 dam me doo; therefore me being but a stranger in
 Englont, me wou'd very fain have you teach me
 ver-boon *English*, and me will instruct you *all-a-mode*
 the *France*, *Parle Francois*, *Madam* — be Gar, if
 you cannot, me will come to your Bed side and teach
 you; nay, me will so instruct you, so that you shall
 never forget your lesson, besides me show you the
 high Gambo'e, the low Gambo'e, the *Lavalto-al-a-*
mode. Faith me tickle you twice in a place, *Madam*,
 if you will let me, for me be a ver-boon Companion;
 but me fear me trouble you too much if me write any
 more; therefore me will leave the rest till me come
 my self and see you.

Madam, your tres humble Serviteur,

Monsieur Rague

A Letter from the Son to his incensed Father.

Sir,

I F penitential tears, and all the low submissions of a Slave could rebate the sharp points of your anger, nothing has, nor shall be wanting in me. Sincere Repentance is all that Heaven requires for sin: Remember Sir, the best of Masters has enjoyned forgiveness, as we our selves expect to be forgiven. If I have unadvisedly married contrary to your will, impute that crime to a too prevalent passion and youthful inclination; yet I hope my choice is such, setting aside the want of a portion, as can no ways be objected against: She is one that is adorned with all the perfections of Nature that can render a Woman tempting and lovely; and for her Soul, 'tis the very centre of virtue; her deportment modest and affable; all so charming, that your self could not have beheld and conversed with her, as I did, without some feeling sparks of desire. Therefore let not your anger burn against her; but if no intreaty or submission can atone for this one disobedience, heap all your wrath on me, let me be the wretched mark to aim your fury at, and be not displeased with her, whose good Nature was wrought upon by my prevailing Rhetorick to enter the sacred bands of Wedlock. And so Sir, hoping time will waste your displeasure, I remain

Your dutiful, and hereafter obedient Son,
till Death, T. G.

The

The Ingenious Lovers admonition to his Mistress.

BRight Beauty, you chief Idea of my mind,
 Prove like the Gods, mild, bounteous, patient,
 (kind :

That then your Virtues may be rais'd so high,
 That their bright tops will reach the glittering sky:
 Let Cruelty be banish'd from your Breast,
 Let all be love, and that will make you blest.
 For Cruelty and dire disdain procure
 Scorn, though your Lovers martyrdom endure:
 For who can love that thing whose Cruelties,
 Our wounding passions can with ease despise:
 Who is't that owns the name of Man that will
 Court a Basilisk whose dire sight can kill.
 In whose bleak aspect death and ruine lyes,
 Who has the power to murder with her Eyes.
 Then prove you kind, if you'd secure my Love,
 If you're once cruel, I'll disdainful prove:
 I'll scorn the scorner, till with just disdain
 The cruel Murtheress with her weapon's slain.

The unexperienced Lovers : A Dialogue between Philaster and Phillada,

Philaster.

ALas what can mean this eager Joy, my Phillada, that transports me even to a ravishment when you appear, sure some mighty motion stirs my Soul by sympathy to move in tune, and number with yours, for I have often observed you much concerned.

Phi

Phillada.

How it comes to pass I know not, but sure I am when from your eyes you cast an eager gaze, methinks you shoot me to the Heart; the pointed beams you send wound insensibly, nay, fire my Soul, but how or which way I know not, therefore 'tis best to avoid you; absence may cure the burning fever of my Soul, and give you rest.

Philaster.

Alas, my pretty Nymph, I am all tenderness, and would not hurt so bright a Creature; no, my rude hands shall never offend you, if my Eyes have done it, it was more than I was willing they should have done; but to talk of leaving me, that fatal sound wounds more than all the glances from your Eyes, for methinks I could, Phoenix-like, be well contented to suffer Martyrdom in such a gentle fire. O remove not without me, my bright Sun, lest the remainder of my days be clouded with Egyptian blackness.

Phillada.

Alas, what good can come of gazing at each other, what avails it to stand like two Burning-glasses, insensibly giving fire to each internal faculty.

Philaster.

Yes, 'tis mighty pleasing, for it keeps off the rage of cold December frosts, and yields a mutual warmth, yet something within tells me there's more in it than we're aware on, and I have heard there's a thing called Love that operates insensibly, and is of wondrous force.

Phil-

Phillada.

And this perhaps may be that thing, therefore 'tis time we part; for, O dreadful! I have heard my Mother say, 'tis a dangerous thing to be in Love—— Ah, I cannot leave you.

Philaster.

Fear not, my little Angel, for sure there's nothing can be harmful that at a distance promises such Joys. I seem already on the confines of an endless bliss, and fain would proceed, but fear to err and lose my way.

Phillada.

Let's venture both together then, and if we're lost, I'll be content to wander with you in whatever Maze you tread, methinks we are inseparably linked, but by what chains my Eyes cannot discern; I cannot leave you if I would——Sure some secret power has fettered us with charms.

Philaster.

Charms indeed, such as the God of Love uses to tame Rebellious Hearts with, and make them pliable to his commands. But let us go, our Parents call, and at a fitter season, freer from discovery, we'll implore the Sacred Oracle to unfold the cause of this our pleasing pain.

Phillada.

I'll be wholly guided by your dire

Philaster.

Then thus we move, two Bodies and one Heart,
Both wounded are, yet hug the wounding Darr.

A Song.

1.

A H *Celia* arise,
The Birds they do sing
Upon ev'ry bud,
For to welcome the Spring;
The day it looks fair,
Let us haste to the Grove,
And there we'll lye down
And triumph in our Love.

2.

The pride of the Woods,
And joy of each plain,
Is my fair *Celia*,
She charms e'ry Swain:
Whilest drooping they hang down
Their Heads, and pass by,
She wounds them full soon
With a glance of her Eye.

3.

Yet 'tis my happiness
To have her favour,
Which is a treasure
That blesses me ever.
Then come away, come away,
All the World over
I'd travel, I'd travel,
Such Joys to discover.

The

*The usurers Letter to his Mistress.**Fair Lady,*

Despise me not because I am old, for I have that which renders most Mortals young in the Eye of Love, as the World goes now adays, though Time has snowed over these Locks, charming Gold, thou pretty darling of my affections, thou alone shalt be my Joy, and feast thy eye on bags of Treasure; nor shall any thing be wanting to please thy appetite that your thoughts can form, if there be a possibility of procuring it; in Winter thou shalt be clad in Ermins, to secure your delicate body from cold Winters rage, and in Summer shine in Silks and Gold: therefore be not coy nor disdainful, but since your parents have given their free consent, do you likewise give yours; which ever makes him happy, who is

*The admirer of your Beauties and Vertues, G. L.**Her Answer.**Sir,*

I Cannot but admire, and at the same time be sorry that you should give your self the trouble of importuning me by Letters, when as I thought I had given you such ample satisfaction to your demands. Can you once imagine that I (who have the World at will and live in the heighth of all earthly felicity, free from care, envy, and the frowns of a Jealous Husband) will in the prime of my youth wilfully make my self miserable

miserable, by throwing my self into the arms of age and impotency ; no, but rather continue as I am to the last period of my days : Cou'd your doatage be so foolish to think your bags of Treasure could be of force to prevall against my absolute determination : alas, the force of Gold, that Soul of Usurers, is not of power sufficient to employ my meanest thoughts. You alledge, my parents are willing, but how ? 'Tis if I consent freely to like and love the man they propose, otherwise, such is their tenderness towards me, which I with all obedience own, that they will not in that nature lay the least commands upon me, that is in any ways disconsonant to my inclination. Therefore, Sir, rest your self content, and be assured that you never shall prevail with her in the way of Marriage, who in friendship, for your intimacy with my Father, wishes you well to fare,

And rests her own, E. S.

A Letter to a Quondam Mistress, newly Married.

Lady,

THAT night Fame reach'd my ringling Ear
 With idle stories that I wou'd not hear,
 I sent her back as an unwelcome guest ;
 But she'd not go till she the tale exprest :
 Which when I heard, I laugh'd aloud, and cry'd,
 Then is she gone, Joy greet the gentle Bride :
 But when she urg'd that you, having laid by
 All Virgin blushing, bashful Modesty,
 Courted my Rival, ticed him to your Bed,
 As weary of your ponderous Maidenhead ;

I could but wonder how my active mind
 To such mean Courtship ever was confin'd.
 But looking o'r my Legends, there I found,
 Your worthless name was not of force to wound;
 And that you served to pass the time away,
 When leisure hours bid me keep Holiday.

The Loyal Health. A New Song.

Come away Boys, let's drink it
 As soon as we think it,
 Set it round, set it round,
 Come let it round pass,
 Fill each man his Glass,
 To the brim, to the brim,
 To the King let it go,
 And to the Duke also,
 Till our Wits they abound.
 Come, come away with'r,
 Let none delay it,
 Till in Nectar we swim.

The Shepherds Delight. A New Song.

I.
 ALL day I wander o'r the Plains,
 My tender flocks to feed,
 And sport amongst my fellow Swains,
 Tuning a tender reed,
 To sing my Jenny's praises forth,
 And her rare Beauties tell.
 Who can comprize my harmless mirth,
 Which others Joys excel.

2.

Scorn the bravery of the Court,
 Where Tempests loudly rear,
 Those Cedars are to Winds a sport,
 Whilest shrubs they still pass ore.
 In my Cottage take more joy
 Than Kings in Princely pleasure:
 Love and freedome all have I
 That Earth or Sea does treasure.

*The Authors advice to his Heroick friend, upon his un-
 manning himself, by doting upon a disdainful Beauty.*

Haste, brave *Amyntas*, to the Chase, for see
Diana's Boar is followed hastily:
 The loud mouth'd Hounds follow the foaming Beast,
 Take, take thy javelin, meet his fiercest rage,
 'Tis far less dangerous than Love to engage.
 To pine for one that's scornful, proud, unkind,
 But meanly suits with such a mighty mind,
 As in thy Breast, fierce Warriour, is confin'd. }
 Thou that hast fac'd *Jove's* Thunder, when it roar'd
 On Lightning's Wings, and the vast Mountains goar'd.
 Waded in Blood through *Mars's* dismal field,
 To gather Laurels from the heaps you kill'd.
 Who in the midst of dangers look'd so brave,
 As quell'd thy foes Courage, thy Souldiers gave
 Canst thou, canst thou brave *England's Mars*, canst thou
 Thy Glorious Plumes to nothing-woman bow?
 For shame rouze up, the World will laugh to see
 Her great *A'cides* humbly bend his knee,
 Weep, sigh and cringe to a detested thing,
 Inglorious Woman, whence his woes do spring.

No,

No, lift up thy Victorious Head, and shake
 Off these dull Chains; thy Captive Fetters break:
 Come, be thy self, and loud in thunder speak.
 War be thy Language, spread destruction round,
 And let thy Musick be the Trumpets sound.

To his innocent Mistress. A Poem.

FAir, pretty Creature, who in tender years
 Wound'st many Hearts, and stir'st up tydes
 Yet ignorant art of thy too potent charms, (fear
 Which equal are to *Mars's* Murthering Arms.
 For who can see such beauty in the bloom
 Fragrant with Vertues, that can ne'r consume,
 And not desire; though shou'd they ask, 'twould be
 A strange request, they must explain to thee.
 How often has thy quaint discourses won
 My serious thoughts to give attention
 To thy fine tales, spun out in threds of Gold,
 Such as *Penelope* her Lovers told.
 But yet my hopes are vain, the fruit's too green,
 But will be ripen'd by Loves charming Queen:
 And then to taste it, if it be my Lot.
 My wishes shall be in their centre shut.

A Catch.

LEt *Vulcan* blow the bellows,
 Nay, let him sweat, swear and be jealous:
 With *Venus* all night I will lye,
 Though whimpering *Cupid* shou'd cry,
 Yet at her I'll go,
 With so full a blow,
 As shall enter between each thigh.

upon the presentation of a Nosegay.

M Adam, behold these fragrant flowers that crown
 Their limber stems, with leaves incircled
 glorious at present; but in time will fade, (round;
 and lose the lustre they some time have had:
 so youth a while will flourish, but times breath
 will turn't to age, and age will hasten death.
 therefore, Divineſt Miſtreſs, whileſt time laſts,
 take uſe of it, before your Beauty waſtes:
 and when theſe flowers obtain a Licence free
 to kiſs your Lips, then Dear, remember me,
 who ſigh and languish in a pleaſing ſtrain,
 Hoping one day I ſhall ſuch favour gain
 As that Loves God will eaſe my lingering pain. }

A Dialogue between a Page and his Lords Daughter, under the names of Cleonel and Calista.

Cleonel.

M Adam, the ſilent language of my Eyes have
 often ſpoke my ſtrong deſires, though my
 faltering tongue was unable, till your kind
 ſpect unloosen'd the Magick ſtring, that in ſpite of
 my utmoſt power, hindered it from performing its
 office: But not to be tedious, the end of my motion,
 Adam, is Love——

Calista.

Love—— Sawcy fellow, ſtand off, how dare
 you ſay this to me? Is it poſſible your preſumption
 can ſoar ſo high; if it is, were your wings were
 clipped.

Cleo-

Cleone!

Ah Madam, pardon my rashness, impute not the boldness to me, but to all-conquering Love, the mighty Deity, whose all-commanding force 'tis not in the power of any mortal to resist: So fair, so virtuous, and so admirable a Creature should not be cruel to the humblest of her Slaves, whose Breast is tortured with a restless fever, whose mouldering fires those bright Eyes have kindled. I know my distance, Divinest Lady, and therefore fall prostrate at your feet, humbly imploring you to pardon my presumption in that point, consider me only as a Lover, and cure those wounds you made.

Calista.

Away, I'll hear no more: Hence from my sight, and as you tender being banished the family for ever, trouble me no more with this importunence.

Cleone!

O, I'm thunder-struck: Your words, like Arrows pass quite through my Soul, and by the way ring loud Deaths dismal knell ——— Hear no more ——— Yes, bright Star, you shall be obeyed. I will go, but 'tis to death! Death, death shall ease my troubled mind, and secure you in your command.

Calista.

Stay, rash fool; to death for what?

Cleone!

Cleonel.

To ease my misery, and put an end to all the tor-
tures of my mind, for none but your self and that
grim King carry the Balsom that can cure my
wounds.

Ca'ista.

I charge you live, and yet I charge you let me hear
no more of Love.

Cleonel.

You command impossibilities, if I live, you can-
not be obey'd, and fain I wou'd be obedient; there-
fore, thou wonder of thy Sex, if you will not vouch
safe to pity me, yet envy me not, by hindering me
from sweet repose. To slumber in the Grave is better
than to live in torment.

Calista.

Live and hope. (*Exit.*)

Cleonel.

Hope! Bless'd sound! The echo of some Angels
voice: Musick exceeding all the Worlds sweet har-
mony. Ha, what is she gone? Bright Angel stay
and cheer me with your lustre: Yet since you have
been pleas'd to scatter Balsome, I'll be content to live
a while, though on Camelions fare.

Despair be gone, Hope gives me life, and I }
With Eagle flight am mounted to the Sky. }
He seldom wins, that fears for Love to die. }

Song.

Song.

HAste, fair *Daphne*, haste away,
 Great *Apollo* here does stay.
 Great *Apollo* here does stay.
 The God, the God of Sacred Songs,
 To whom each sacred art belongs,
 To whom each sacred art belongs,
 Come away, come away,
 And we'll revel night and day.

Song.

1.

IN Oceans of Pleasure,
 That mortals can't measure,
 We will swim for ever,
 And sorrow shall never
 Disturb our sweet rest:
 Let care still be flying,
 We'll still be enjoying
 What shall make us blest.

2.

Vain fancies shan't fright us,
 Nor troubles incite us
 To leave off our loving,
 That still shall be moving
 With warm desire.
 For love it is charming,
 There's nought in it harming;
 So gentle is the fire,

The Melancholy Virgin. A New Song.

1.

AH me, that ever I was born,
To be thus tortur'd in my mind,
To be thus left, thus left forlorn,
Alas I can no comfort find:
And yet I know no cause of pain,
That should afflict me with such grief;
To Rocks and Woods I still complain,
But woe is me, have no relief.

2.

'Tis sure my former Cruelty,
When I unmov'd, so oft cou'd hear,
Whilest fighting Lovers sued to me,
And languishing 'twixt hope and fear,
Died at my feet, yet I would yield
No saving Cordials to restore,
Nor them from Death's Convulsions shield,
Though they with tears did oft implore.

3.

Therefore the God of Love repays
Me for my cruelty and scorn,
And to my charge those Victims lays,
That did my triumph late adorn.
My mind ten thousand tortures seize,
Strange visions still disturb my rest,
And tell me I shall ne'r have ease,
Till with a Marble Tomb I'm prest.

A Lady to her perfidious Lover.

S I R, when I first saw your bewitching face,
 Reason to strange and strong desire gave place
 Rashly I loved, thinking you'd Love repay,
 Which when you vow'd, your heart still went away
 You smil'd on me, and yet another lov'd,
 And when I thought you sure, perfidious prov'd.
 Therefore I banish you now from my Breast, I
 No more I'll grieve; no more I'll break my rest,
 For thee Ingrateful, once belov'd the best.
 My mind shall be as calm as *Halcyon Seas*,
 No storm of passion shall at all displease:
 No sorrow shall my peaceful Life disturb,
 Thy hate I'll scorn, and all my grief will curb.
 Cruel ungrate, could you but once suppose
 The brave disdain my Breast does now inclose,
 To scorn thy faithless, and the faithful love,
 'Twould you to either shame or anger move.
 I soon perceiv'd your drift, that black design,
 My chaster Honour for to undermine.
 But, thank my Stars, in vain were all such wiles,
 With which perjur'd mankind maids beguile.
 See me no more Sir, as you'd shun your fate,
 But at a distance level all your hate:
 Whilest I forget I ever saw your face,
 And for your sake slight all of mortal race.

The Welsh mans Adventure. A Song.

I.
H Ur was tell hur a trick,
 And hur was tell hur a thing,
 Hur went cood fortune to seek,
 Until hur had like to swing.

Cots plut, was see some Gold,
 And then hur was think her rich,
 And with it hur did make bold,
 For sadly hur fingers did itch.

2.

But when hur had cot it up,
 And with it was trudging away,
 But hur was cry, stop, stop,
 And then hur was forced to stay:
 Then was carry hur to crate house,
 From thence before Lord Shudge,
 Where was burn her arm adzouse,
 And bid hur home to trudge.

Song.

1.

HARD by a River, close under a shade,
 Fair *Celia* and *Strephon* one evening were laid,
 The youth pleaded strong for the fruits of his
 Honour had won her his suit to reprove. (Love,
 He cry'd, where's the lustre when Clouds shade the
 Or what's the brisk Nectar, the taste being gone. (Sun,
 Longst flowers on the stalk, sweetest odors do dwell,
 But the Rose being gather'd, it loses the smell.

2.

My dearest of Nymphs, the brisk Shepherd reply'd,
 If'er you will argue, begin on Love's side.
 In matters of State let all reason be shown,
 But Love is a power will be rul'd by his own.
 Nor need the coy Beauties be counted so rare,
 For scandal can't touch the chaste and the fair.
 So scarce are the Joys Love's Alembick do fill,
 And Roses are sweetest, when brought to the Still.

The merry Topers. A Song.

TO ^{1.} *Bacchus* we drink,
 Come fill't to the brink,
 Let a rummer go round whilest we're merry,
 Let Misers take care,
 We never will spare,
 But round let it go till we're weary,
 O'tis brisk Wine
 That makes us divine,
 Then fill up a Bumper of *Sherry*.

^{2.}
 Round, round let it go,
 Above and below,
 Whilest Stars they the Skies do bespang'e :
 The Moon she gives light,
 Whilest we pass the night,
 And scorn all such Sots as will wrangle.
 Here *will* here's to you,
 Gra'mercy true blue,
 No care shall our thoughts now entangle.

*A Dialogue between a Country Justice and his
 ber-maid.*

Justice.
Betty, Is't not almost Supper-time?

Betty.
 Yes Sir, the Bell has just rung seven;

Justice.

Well, then there's an hour good, eight is a reasonable time; but hark Betty, what haste are you in? Pray stay a little, nay you shall stay——Yes, and sit down by me; nay, nay, ye little baggage I am resolv'd to rouze ye.

Betty.

For Heavens sake Sir, what mean you? Fie, fie Sir, oh, oh you hurt me: Nay Sir, pray Sir, be civil Sir, or I'll cry out; upon my Maiden-head, Sir, I will.

Justice.

Ay, ay, thy Maidenhead, why faith ye little Rogue, that's the thing I'd be upon too.

Betty.

Ay Sir, that I believe, but there's but one way to come at it.

Justice.

All that I know very well, and that way I'll soon find if you'll let me but alone.

Betty.

Nay Sir, but you mistake my meaning, my meaning is Vertuous, and you suppose otherwise.

Justice.

A pescods on Vertue, don't talk of Virtue now, for that's a thing that this age has turned out of doors, but prethee seeing thou hast a meaning, let us have it.

Betty.

Why Sir, the way to my Maiden-head must be through the fore-door of Matrimony.

Justice.

Matrimony! Cunning baggage, will nothing less than three thousand a year purchase it then?

Betty.

No Sir, no less than your self and all your Estate can signifie any thing as to that particular, and the bargain perhaps may be worth it; for though I shall bring no equal portion, yet you shall have all my Love, and be all my care, and I'll be as saving as you can wish.

Justice.

Well thou art such a piece of temptation that I must purchase thee, let it be at what rate it will; and since I find thee Vertuous, here are twenty Broad pieces to provide you with necessaries, and let *Thursday* next be the day.

Betty.

Yes Sir, and thank ye too ten thousand times! O how how I shall dream and long whilst *Thursday* comes. Pray Heaven Sir your mind don't alter.

Justice.

No, ye pretty Rogue, by this kiss it shall not; but at this time I must to my Closet, in the mean while see things set in order.

Betty.

Betty.

Doubt not my diligence. Ha, three thousand pounds a year, and lye with my Master to boot: these are brave things. Well, now had I been an easie fool, and suffered him to have rifled my Warehouse before-hand, it would never have been; but I perhaps when my Belly had begun to wamble, had been packed off into some far Country with five or ten pound.

Therefore young Lasses that advanc'd would be,
Keep close your Legs till *Hymen* makes you free
To act, and then you joyful days may see.

An old Woman to her youthful Lover sends this Epistle.

Sir,

Since your vows of Love, and serious protestations have grafted you into my good opinion, your neglect and disrespect towards me has been no small part of my grief; if you could not have fancied me, why did you use so many powerful arguments to rouse my dying embers of desire into a flame? Sure it is that my treasure might be sufficient to cover the imperfections of Nature, if any such your prying eyes have found, or if any thing else has been the cause of estranging you from my company, at least be so kind as let me know it, and if it cannot be removed to your satisfaction, I'll be content to undergo your scorn, and bear my sufferings with patience; therefore hoping that you'll

Still prove kind as at first, and perform your vow
I rest

Your perplexed friend, and admirer,

The Christmas ramble.

IN Cold December, when sharp frosts invade
The shivering World, Nature's decrepit made
By Winters Icy hands, all things seem'd dead,
Each Plant and Tree hung down its drooping head;
Then through the streets as I was wandering late,
A brisk young Lass there standing at a Gate
Took pity of me, kindly call'd me in;
Yet 'twas a place where ne'r before I'd been:
No sooner entred was I, but a fire
Rais'd by a World of roasting Apples higher,
The first thing was that came unto my view:
The next was brisk good nappy Ale, 'tis true.
Then down I set me by my Mistress side
In loving sort, and found she was a Bride,
And yet a Virgin: for it was her hard fate
To match with one that could not pass the Gate,
No further than the Porch, and there in vain
Flutt'ring, gave her just cause for to complain.
Which when I knew, I pittied her hard case,
And softly laid my cheek unto her face,
When she with low whisper in my ear
Told me she long'd, she long'd, ay for an heir,
And to procure one she no Gold would spare.
I lik'd the motion, absence gave me scope,
And boldly to her Bell I fix'd my Rope,
And rung her such a Peal she well was pleas'd,
And all her grievances were quickly eas'd,

In such good sort, that Angels fill'd my purse,
And then in loving wise we did discourse.
After a long Carouse, the Cuckolds health
Went freely round, who dreamt not of Loves stealth.
But time still wasting, we at last must part,
Although she left me with a bleeding heart.
Begging I'd call whene'r I came that way,
To lend her Lambs-wool, and she'd Gold repay.

Loves force. A Poem.

W^Hen happy time in *Eden* first began,
Heavens choicest blessing was reserv'd for man.
Glorious as Sun-beams from the Orient Skies,
Vertue and Beaurie did at once surprize;
His dazled Soul ten thousand blessings met
In one bright female, there before him set.
Love conquer'd him who did the World command;
On Loves firm Basis Crowns and Scepters stand:
Each haughty Monarch yields unto his power,
His Deity all Mortals must adore.
Bright Angels sing before th' Eternal Throne,
His Songs unto the sacred Trine in One.
Then he has power: Yes power beyond degree,
To captivate us when we seem most free.
Such strange Inchantments as do baffle art,
Make Monarchs yield, and pierce the warriors heart,
Which none but those that feel them, can impart.

*The angry Lady to her unconstant Lover.**Sir,*

K Now I loved you once, and prized you far above all mankind, but since you prove perfidious, I follow you from me like a bubble to wander in the airy fancies of your own extravagant Imagination. Could you suppose such an open affront and dishonour as you were pleased to put upon me, could rest long in obscurity ; if you did, you were deceived, for I am still so conversant with fame that not the meanest of your actions can escape my knowledge. But take your admired Mistress, your *Cloris* into the Clouds, it shall never disturb the least motion of my mind, I will rest as calm as *Halcyon* Seas, the least breath of discontent shall not rouse my sleeping rage, for I protest by all that's good, were all the race of mankind extinct except your self, and should you Lord it over the female World, I would not vouchsafe you a smile ; nay, though you sue, and in the humblest wise fall prostrate at my feet, your sighs should only beat the empty air, not floods of tears should cause the least relenting in me, but I'd continue more obdurate than Adamant, that you might be fully sensible of the just resentments of a woman wronged in Love, who was all kindness, soft as infant nature in its bloom, till you by your perfidious dealings moulded me into this harsh temper, out of which, as to your self, never expect me to be recovered, but to rest

Your implacable Enemy, A.D.

An admonition to perjured Lovers.

False flattering men, who make it your chief pride
 Poor easie womens passions to deride,
 When you have got your ends, then you disdain,
 And triumph o're them when they once complain:
 Though you have sworn you'd ever constant prove,
 And that you'd center upon endless Love.
 How oft with lifted hands, exalted eyes,
 Have you sent Imprecations to the skies,
 To call down vengeance on your guilty head?
 Invok'd loud thunder strait to strike you dead,
 If that your Hearts and Tongues did not agree?
 If what you vow'd, should not observed be?
 Yet in that moment it was your intent
 For Perjury, excuses to invent.
 But know, though dull deceiving Poets feign
 Jove's bags unbottom'd Lovers vows contain;
 That Great *Jehove* does note the mighty crime,
 And though delay does give repenting time;
 Yet home-charg'd vengeance will at last make known
 That the dire mischief will prove all your own,
 And with sad groans make you confess that sin,
 That now you scoff at, and dare glory in.

The Parsons observation on the word Woman.

A Parson preaching in a Pulpit late,
 The harsh word *Woman* chanced to repeat,
 And there he paused, as if he was struck dumb:
 But having that deep silence overcome,
 Alas, beloved, says he, the word's compound,
Woe-man, Woe-man, O that dismal sound,
 Its very Echo, does my bosom wound.

I cannot tell, Beloved, what yours may be,
But sure I am mine proves a woe to me.

Directions to wooe a Widow.

YOU that in Loves great mystery are rude,
And yet into his Sacred Courts intrude,
This one advice hear, and observe it well,
Love's business various is, few all can tell :
Some Maids affect, some Widows love to court ;
But if you with a Widow fain would sport,
Come listen now, and I'll directions give,
Such as my self once gladly did receive,
And found them prosperous. If she's young and gay
Witty and Beauteous, as the Pride of May,
Observe your seasons, come when she's undrest,
Eye when she eyes you, like what she likes best ;
Be brisk and kiss her oft, swear that you love,
Tell her you'll have no nay, and often move
For her consent ; tickle her, and feel her knees,
Clap her soft cheeks ; such roughness best will please,
Coach her abroad, and never let her rest
Unril that she has yielded your request.
And yet beware you do no weakness show,
No imperfection in you let her know :
Widows still hate those that to court are slow.
If she be old and rich, and you'd admire
Her for her Wealth, or Wealth alone desire,
Then be you saving, a good Husband seem,
If you intend to gain her good esteem ;
Treat her not high, and yet genteely too.
And when at any time you closely wooe,
And in your Breeches something stiff does prove,
So place her hand that she may feel it move,
'Tis a temptation that will gain her love :

If't don't speed, then venture next at all ;
 Though she resist, if you persist, she'll fall ;
 And though she blames you, let you do the feat,
 Which if you once do as you shou'd, complear,
 Her heart surrenders, all she has is yours,
 She ill your absence after that endures, }
 Less cause of Jealousie her passion cures.

The Scholar to his Mistress. A Complementing Letter.

Fair Lady,

Divineſt of your Sex, Nature's chief Maſter-piece,
 and the Worlds greateſt wonder, moſt accom-
 pliſhed of Virgins, and the only boaſt of the Creation,
 I have (though with all ſubmiſſion) dared to aſpire to
 ſo high a pitch of Love as to have a paſſion for no leſs
 than your ſelf. How you will reſent my boldneſs, I
 know not ; but this I am aſſured of, I ſhall be racked
 with ten thouſand doubts and fears till I can be cer-
 tain whether you will receive my devotion with
 ſmiles or frowns ; for as nothing can more exhilarate
 me than the former, ſo nothing can thunder-ſtrike
 me like the latter. I am indeed as yet in my mino-
 rity, and therefore you may object that I am not ſo
 capable of chuſing now as when mature years ſhall
 better inſtruct me by improving my underſtanding.
 Aſſure your ſelf, Lady, if ſo happy a choice fall to
 my lot, I ſhall ever bleſs the wiſdom of my youth,
 and think my ſelf more happy than if I was heir of
 a King. Kind Lady, therefore in expectation of your
 Answer, I remain

Yours both in Perſon and Eſtate. J. G.

Song.

Song.

HOW happy are Lovers
 Where *Hymen* discovers
 A Joy that is lasting, that never will fade!
 Where Hearts are united, and thoughts undivided,
 Love's Deity there the sweet union has made,
 There Envy and Jealousie shall be derided,
 And tributes of Blessing shall hourly be paid.

2.

Such Oceans of pleasure
 As Angels scarce measure,
 Shall banish all languishing thoughts and sad care,
 'Tis Heavenly in fancy twice more in fruition,
 For those that Love well do a Paradise share,
 Their portion is large, and they need no addition,
 But have blessings, have blessings, ten thousand to
 spare.

3.

Where charms are still growing,
 Thence bliss will be flowing,
 And all the choice blessings a Lover would have,
 A fancy so ample that nothing is greater,
 Nor can fond Mortals beyond it ought crave:
 What blessing, what blessing's like a charming creature,
 That with a glance can our passion enslave?

*A Recantation Letter.**Lady,*

Could you conceive how little I esteem your anger, you would not vex your self so much, thereby to imagine you molest me. No, assure your self I smile at your want of power, and laugh to see you torment your self in vain. I once, it's true, permitted

mitted my self to be afflicted by your scorns and disdain; but perjured and inconstant Woman, your Ingratitude has cured those wounds your seeming Verge made; I have broken the cords, and safely escaped the snare into which, if ever I again intangle my self, let me bear the brand of folly and madness to the utmost moment of my life; no, your charms are so slight that they have not power to attract one gaze; or if they do, 'twill be but to admire how I could be so much overseen as to doat upon such imperfection of body, and worse of mind: And so, Madam, I continue (but no longer your Admirer)

G. B.

A Dialogue between a Scotch man and a Welsh-man, and of the adventure in their way to London.

Scotch-man.

IN gude faith mon well Ise o'retake thee, whether away so fast?

Welsh-man.

Hur was trasling to London Town, where hur was to receise a crate real of coods; if hur was know what hur was cot, let hur take notice hur was a Shentleman of Wales.

Scotch-man.

Wey marry that Ise well wot not, but Ise be glad of yeun company, for Ise gang to London Town auso with at least sum matter of twenty boadles in my wallet.

Welsh-

Welsh-man.

Well, by S. *Taffe*, hur is glad of hur cood company, and hur likes her : So well does hur mind hur that if hur had hur none Country, plut her was give hur a quart of Wiggan, with a crate deal of Coufopoby.

Scotch-man.

Ife thank yeun, by S. *Tandrew* Ife do with an rime heart; but pray what news, for Ife hear there's the Dele and au to do, Kirk and Covenant is in a woful pickle if Ife be wee informed.

welsh-man.

Plut was her talk of hur Couffenant, pray what Country-man was hur.

Scotch-man.

Ife a muckle *Scot*, Ife yeaun'd at *Abberdene*.

Welsh-man.

Ay, was hur so? Nay, then hur was smoke hur, hur has swallowed the Couffenant hur was warrant hur, plut was show hur a *welsh* trick py and py—— Well was coe into yon house and spend hur two Doits.

Scotch-man.

Yen marry, Ife won gang in good faith, for Ife well choke.

welsh-man.

But now Ife shink on't, hur has hur none Cozen Live tree, ic—— off, hur name was Shink as Shinki—— hur come, and was have

have a creat Peartret before hur toer, if hur was leave
hur wallet, and tell hur none Cozen was peak with
hur, hur was sure hur was prink a crate teale of Souse,
so that was live merrily.

Scotch man.

Gude Faith say yeun so, then Ise gang, for Ise pla-
guy hungry. Here is mine wallet, pray yeun have
yone care of my Boadles.

Welsh man.

Plut was hur mistrust hur.

Scotch-man.

Neo, neo, but Ise fear 'um may drop away.

welsh-man.

Was hur gone, well hur will be gone too; let hur
find hur Cozen if hur can; plut hur will show hur a
trick for swallowing the Coffenant, and longing for
Souse. Plut hur is rich now, hur has got a new stock.
Fare hur well False loon, hur can stay no longer.

The Despairing Lover. A New Song.

1.

Darkness does now the World surround,
And silence every where is found;
Each Shepherd with his Shepherdess,
Long dallying in Loves excess,
Sleeps at last between her Breasts,
And void of care, securely rests.

2.

The flocks they now do cease to stray,
And only Stars keep on their way,

And

And silent Ghosts who haunt the Tombs,
And vanish with the dismal glooms,
But I, poor I, with love possess'd,
Must languish, and can have no rest.

3.

What is it that I have not done?
What sighs, what showres of tears, what moan
Have I sent, have I shed and made?
Yet still with scorn I am repay'd.
Since Vertue here no rest can have,
I'll haste to slumber in the Grave.

The Grievance of the Nation discovered.

1.

A Pox of disturbers, let us rout 'um,
Too long they have pester'd the Nation,
And we shou'd be happy without 'um;
Then Honesty wou'd have its station,
And Loyalty once again flourish,
The Kingdom will soon have a blessing,
If Faction and Schism once perish,
For Union will spread past expressing.

2.

Our Joys they will then be abounding,
Fledg'd Victory will then come flying,
With her Golden Trumpet loud sounding,
Reviving our Courage that's dying;
Whilest amongst our selves we're divided
By Canters that still seek our ruine,
Are Jesuites, or Oates has bely'd it,
That ever have sought our undoing.

3.

By setting, with specious pretences,
The simple rude Rabble a madding,

To pull down the Governments fences,
 That they may in rapine be trading;
 But thank our bless'd Stars, they're detected,
 The mists they did blind us with, vanish,
 And now we have wisely rejected
 All Jesuites, Genevian and Spanish.

The Invocation. A New Song.

I.

HAste, haste, thou powerful God of Love,
 Whilest in Mystick Dance
 We do advance
 To *Venus* consecrated Grove,
 Beneath the Myrtle Bows
 To pay our Vows,
 And all our eager Joys to prove.

2.

Fan with thy Silver Wings the Air,
 And scatter Roses round,
 Whilest that I wound
 With thy lov'd shaft the charming fair,
 And let our transports be
 Felicity,
 Beyond what Mortals yet do share.

The Fancy or Echo to Melancholy Love.

AH my Love why stay'dst thou so?
 Alas, because I did not know
 That you were here.

How, not my Dear?
 No truly, had I known,
 Through fire I'd gone
 To find you here alone.

Ah

Ah, pretty sweet,
 That we should meet,
 And no man see't.
 No man nor woman e'r shall see
 The love that is betwixt thee and me,
 As silent as the night we'll be.
 Come then, my Dear, let us lye down,
 When you shall all my wishes crown;
 Nay, my *Corinda* do not frown.
 Not I, my Love, you shall possess
 All that you now call happiness,
 And all that can a Lover bless.

To the Morning.

Aurora fair, whose Rosie cheeks adorn
 The opening Windows of the Eastern Skies,
 Whilest *Hesperus* bright gives lustre to the
 Till *Phœbus* from the blushing Ocean rise: (Morning)
 Thou seest the Lovers languish in Despair,
 Thou hear'st their sighs when sadly they complain,
 Thou view'st the beauteous, the thrice happy fair,
 For which poor I, poor wretched I complain.
 And thou alone canst witness my sad grief,
 And tell the sorrows of my tortur'd mind.
 For her alas that will yield no relief,
 For her alas that is the most unkind.
 But witness Eastern Queen, you Sacred Dawn,
 That I will love her, though she cruel prove.
 Though from me she ten thousand sighs has drawn,
 Yet still I the hard hearted fair will love.

Song.

1.

A Lovely pair, endued by Fate,
With Wealth and Beauties whole Estate,
At the sweetest game had been,
You know, you know what I mean.
You know, &c.

2.

For Kisses first these Lovers plaid,
The pleasant sport provokes the Maid,
To that height, she growing mad,
Almost plaid for what she had,
But the Maid was not so mad,
But, &c.

3.

She'll ask her Fathers leave, she swears,
Then she'll play for what he dares.
Leave is had, and to't they go,
What I mean you know, you know.
What I mean, &c.

4.

To deeper Play they now begin,
The Young-mans happy Hand is in ;
And now they have staked all their joys,
She's the loser, for she cries :
She's the loser, &c.

5.

And now she wins, a tempting sight,
Has won her Lap full of Delight ;
To deeper play she urges on,
But alas ! his stake's all gone:
But alas ! &c.

And

6.

And now she locks her Cabinet,
 But he will play another set ;
 And now his hand is in again,
 You know, you know what I mean.
 You know, &c.

Song.

1.

Goddes *Minerva*, Wise, austere,
 Sober, Valiant, Chaste, and Fair,
 We bring thee here
 A kind, a young, a lovely pair :
 Who beg thy leave to joyn their Hands
 In Chaste and Holy Marriage Bands.

2.

Oh let him be active Fire,
 Ever Burning in Desire :
 Ever free, ever free, ever free
 From any smoak of Jealousie ;
 Let her be Water soft to all his touches,
 Ever Hot when he approaches :
 When he takes away his Eye,
 Ever froze with Chastity :
 When he takes, &c.

3.

Mild and humble let her flow,
 Ne'r let Tempest curb her Brow ;
 Love possess her Tender Heart,
 And ne'r let Love and Beauty part.
 Love possess, &c.

The Goddes great now joyn their hands,
 In Chaste and Holy Marriage Bands.

A Catch.

Come Boys, fill us a Bumper,
We'll make the Nations roar;
She's grown sick of a Rumper,
That sticks upon the old score:
Fox of Fanaticks, rout 'um,
They thirst for our Blood:
We'll raise Taxes without 'um,
And Drink for the Nations good.
Fill the Pottles and Gallons,
And bring the Hoghead in;
We'll begin with a Tallen,
A brimmer to the King.

Song.

1.

Joy to the Bride-groom, fill the Skies,
With pleasing sounds of welcome joys;
Joy to the Bride, a lasting bliss,
And every day may prove like this.

2.

You that enjoy the beauteous fair,
Be true to Love, and eke take care;
For that which plagues a Woman most,
Is when her expectation's cross.

3.

Never was Marriage Joys Divine,
But when two does in one combine;
He that proves false, himself does cheat,
Like sick that taste, but cannot eat.

4.

What is a Maiden-head? O what?
Of which weak fools so often prate?

Oh,

Oh 'tis a Virgins pride and boast,
That ne'r was found but when 'twas lost.

Song.

OH Love thou art a Treasure,
Should Constancy remain;
But for an hour of Pleasure,
We feel an Age of pain;
How eager is the Lover,
But when his joys are over,
Poor Women do discover,
The Vows of Men are vain.

Song.

I.

HAil to the Myrtle shades,
All hail to the Nymphs of the Field,
Kings will not here Invade,
Though Vertue all Freedom yield:
Beauty here opens her Arms,
To soften the languishing mind,
And *Phillis* Unlocks her Charms,
Ah! *Phillis* so fair and Unkind.

2.

Phillis the Soul of Love,
The joys of the Neighbouring Swain:
Phillis that Crowns the Grove,
And *Phillis* that gilds the Plain;
Phillis that ne'r had the skill
To paint, and to patch, and be fine,
Yet *Phillis* has Eyes can Kill,
Whom Nature has made Divine.

3. *Phillis*

3.

Phillis whose Charming Tongue
 Makes labour and pain a delight;
 Phillis that makes the Day long,
 And shortens the live-long Night:
 Phillis whose lips like May,
 Still laugh at the sweets that they bring;
 Whilest love never knows decay,
 But thence flows Eternal Spring.

*The Muses Seasonable Advice to a hopeful couple upon their
 entering into the State of Matrimony.*

W HEN Infant Nature had the World array'd,
 And Heav'n's Eternal Wisdom all had made,
 Earth flourish'd fragrant, and the gaudy skies,
 Spangl'd with shining fires, that fall and rise,
 As the Creator bid: the boundless main,
 Stor'd with bright Fish, Beasts sported on each plain,
 When lightly plum'd through tracts of fluid air,
 The Fowl themselves on out-stretch'd pinions bare,
 And all Creation smil'd to be so fair;
 Then Nuptial Joys in Eden first began:
 Heav'n's choicest blessing last reserv'd for man,
 The Worlds first Virgin did his Soul surprize,
 And artless Beauty wounded with her Eyes,
 Then Love was Nature, Art no room could find
 To discompose the motions of the mind,
 Then Jealousie, and all the puny cares,
 That now wrack Lovers with ten thousand fears,
 Were uncreated, all was Peace and Love,
 Their Souls in equal ballances did move,
 And sympathiz'd with the blest'd Joys above,
 By springs of Nectar, in Ambrosial shade,
 The first dear pledge of Sacred rites was paid,
 And Nature's dictates were with Joy obey'd.

G

Amidst

Amidst ten thousand transports which the whiles
 Danc'd on soft kisses, glances, whispers, smiles:
 Nor was the Worlds sole Lord at all renown'd,
 E'r he with such transcendant Joys was crown'd.
 Then you that are their Off-spring, imitate
 The Worlds first Parents in their happy State.
 Calm be your minds, smooth as the *Halcyon* Seas;
 Let Loves Eternal Monarch rule in peace.
 Let Winter storms ne'r lodge on eithers brow,
 Banish suspicion, let pale envy bow:
 And all her hissing snakes for grief expire,
 Because they cannot quench Loves sacred fire,
 Nor by their thousand ways gain their desire.
 Be ever kind, give Love still larger room
 To plant new Joys that are as yet to come.
 Your hearts in concord now so firmly bind,
 That dire harsh discord may no entrance find.
 Stop all the passages but that to Love,
 Let your kindness still transparent prove,
 In that blest path the brightest Angels move.
 So you of Heavenly Joys may taste on Earth,
 For all in Heaven is Love and Sacred Mirth:
 So may your numerous Off-spring tell your praise,
 And high as Pyramids your vertues raise,
 I'h' Brass leav'd Book of Fame which ne'r decays.

The surprized Lover to his Mistress.

FAir Mistress, ah! see sighs attend my Quil';
 Silence and sighs are Loves Preludrums still,
 Ghost-like Love-wanderers, where is treasure lyes,
 Speak wou'd it fain, but anxious thoughts denies,
 And all it can, 's the language of the Eyes;
 Whilest through those Opticks pointed Beauties find
 Swift passage soon into th' Eternal Mind,

And there a thousand sleeping passions rouse,
 To all of which our better Genius bows ;
 So whilst that in mystick ways I trod,
 Gazing about in Loves precarious Road :
 Struck by the Lightening of your Eyes from far,
 Soon found I all within was Civil War.
 The greater faculty strong lodg'd, long strove,
 But all at last bow'd to Victorious Love,
 Who from the Conquerer now has won the field :
 And I who rarely did submissly yield,
 Finding, like *India's* Natives heretofore,
 I've strove to purchase Glass with Gems and Ore.
 But thank my better Stars, those hours are past,
 And I have found the Pearl of Pearl at last.

The disappointed Ladies Letter to her Gallant.

Sir,

HAVE I thus long maintained you upon the spoil of
 my Husbands Estate, fed you with delicacies
 beyond *Roman* luxuries ; and can you for all this
 prove Ingrateful ? think you that I am ignorant of
 the cause of your neglect ; no, I know the new *Vi-*
 tus you adore, and (unless a speedy reformation be
 wrought in you) am resolved to prosecute you both
 with the utmost malice that a Womans Inveteracy is
 capable of inventing, or that Despair and Jealousie
 can bring to light, though to the ruine of my own
 reputation, that so you may know what a wronged
 Lover provok'd, is capable of doing ; therefore as
 you tender your own fame, mine, and hers who de-
 clares you, and robs me of my right, keep firm to
 your first vows, and suffer me no longer to be neg-
 lected. This day, Sir, my Husband went out of
 Town, therefore about eight in the evening I ex-

pect you at my House, of which fail not, as you
 lue your future quiet: And till then I rest

Yours as you use me, A.

His Answer.

Madam,

CAN you believe that I wilfully neglect you
 the embraces of another; alas, that you should
 harbour so mean an opinion of your Servant who
 doats upon you even to an ecstasie, and lives not
 to breath your name; how can I at any time think
 those many dear enjoyments that have passed be-
 tween us, and not extend my desire wider in the
 Field of Love, and oftener pant between those wa-
 hills of Snow, whose gentle risings would tempt
 a Cynick to desire, and search for hidden treasures
 promised by those silver Mounts. Madam, as for
 your self I am and ever will be the humblest of your
 Servants, now and at all times ready to obey your
 commands, did not the Tyrant Sicknes hinder
 that, that was the only Mistress that charmed
 (by power you're insensible how great) from you
 which otherwise nothing could have done, but
 sooner can Nature shake off those hard Chains, than
 I'll willingly commit my self to the Fetters of your
 more soft and gentle arms; and till then must entertain
 you by all the ties of Love, and those transporting
 Joys which have mutually possessed us, not to lessen
 your esteem of him who is

More yours than his own. J.

On Vertue.

Vertue's a lasting treasure, never fades,
 He's only wise that for that Jewel trades :
 'Tis that which renders Mortals still compleat,
 'Tis that alone which does adorn the great ;
 Gives lustre to the brightest Diadem,
 And is on Earth the only sparkling Gem.
 Vertue adorns green youth, and bending age,
 And baffles still the proudest Tyrants rage.
 It makes men humble, wise, complacent, iust ;
 And still secures us, when things are at worst.

On a Happy Marriage. A Poem.

Hail blessed pair, whom Love and Nature joyns,
 Whilest they are brooding still on great designs.
 To make you happy, ever make you blest,
 Whilest nought but Peace and Joy shall fill your
 breast,
 And you shall be of all that's good possesst.
 In soft embraces, 'midst a thousand charms,
 Panting with pleasure in each others arms,
 Whilest Love, chaste Love, your joyning bosoms
 warms.
 Boundless may those Joys be, and may they haste,
 Till Death unloose the knot you've ty'd so fast;
 Death, that grim Tyrant, that does all things blast.

On his Mistress neat tiring her hair.

Bright Beauty, on whose every part does rest
 A sight so lovely, that who loves you's blest :
 If but to gaze, much more such Joys to tast,
 And sip the Nectar from your fair lips prest.

But what amongst the rest to me seems rare,
 Is the neat tiring of your Golden hair,
 That net of *Cupid*, set for to ensnare
 All that behold you, thence Inchantment flows;
 Who comes Spectator, must a Lover go.
 Nay, such the force, that e're he thence can part,
 He must be forc'd to leave behind his heart,
 Bleeding with wounds made in't by *Cupid's* Dart.
 Then since your pow'r is such, you must be mild,
 And then you'll be the Worlds chief wonder stil'd.

A Song.

1.

Now, now the Fight's done,
 and the great God of War,
 Lies sleeping in shades,
 and unravels his care;
 Love laughs in his Rest,
 and the Soldiers Alarms,
 With Drums and with Trumpets,
 and struts in his Arms:
 He rides with his Launce,
 and the Bushes he hangs,
 And his brave Bloody Sword
 on the Willow-Tree hangs.

2.

Love smiles when she feels
 the sharp pains of his Dart,
 And he wings it to hit
 the great God on the Heart;
 Who leaves his Steel Bed,
 and his Bolsters of Brass,
 For Pillows of Roses,
 and Coaches of Grass:

His Courser of Lightning
is now grown so slow,
That a *Cupid* on's Saddle
sits bending his Bow.

3

Love, Love, is the Cry,
Love and Kisses go round,
Whilest *Phyllis* and *Damon*
lye clasp'd on the ground:
The Shepherd too soon
does his pleasure destroy,
'Tis Abortive the crys,
and does Murder my Joy;
But he rallies again
by the force of her Charms,
And Kisses, Embraces,
and Dyes in her Arms.

Song.

1.

Here's that will challenge all the Fair,
Come buy my Nuts, Damsons,
my Burgamy Pairs;
Here's the Whore of *Babylon*,
the Devil and the Rope,
The Girl is just a going on the Rope:

2.

Here's *Dives* and *Lazarus*,
and the Worlds Creation,
Here's the Tall *Dutch* Woman,
the like's not i'th' Nation.
Here is the Booth where
the *High-Dutch* Maid is,
Here are Bears that Dance like any Ladies.

3.

Tat, tar, tar, tar, tah,

says the little Penny Trumpet;
 Here's *Jacob Hall* that does Jump it, Tump it.
 Sound Trumpet, sound, for Silver Spoon and Fork
 Come here's your dainty Pigg and Pork.

Song.

1.

Fools to themselves do Riches prize,
 some Dazling Greatness Blind;
 Beauty alone can Charm our Eyes,
 and Love delight our Mind.
 Beauty alone, &c.

2.

What is the use of Wealth or Power,
 by which we Men subdue,
 If not in order to gain more,
 and vanquish Women too.
 If not in order, &c.

3.

Beauty the Fame of all Delight,
 without loves life were vain,
 Th' ambitious Toyl, the valiant Fight,
 for this, for this Kings Reign:
 Th' ambitious Toyl, &c.

4.

Who e're in these place his Desires,
 goes right in Natures way;
 All others are but Wandring Fires,
 which lead Mankind astray:
 All others are but, &c.

Song.

Song.

1.

ADs-Zous my dear *Jone*,
 When I meet thee alone,
 'Tis then my design for to buss thee;
 By my Fathers old Shoon,
 Or the Light of the Moon,
 I swear thou shalt not be Crusty.

2.

No, if I shou'd rouse thee,
 And lustily rouze thee,
 Nay, tho' I should clap thy black hole:
 For I tell thee Uds-fur,
 'Tis for love of thy Scut,
 Which resembles a Cat or a Cole.

3.

Which makes me design
 For to yoak my self thine,
 For I long for a smatch of the same;
 Oh! then let thy black Cat
 So bemumble my Rat,
 That we ne'r may Repent th' Old Game.

Song.

1.

Somnus thou God who easest cares,
 Soft slumbers dwell upon thy brow:
 Brother to death, which nothing spares,
 but to his fatal shafts all bow:
 Haste, haste, and close my waking Eyes,
 let these tormenting thoughts no more
 My Languish'd Soul with fear surprize,
 but waft thee to Oblivions shore.

G 5

2. Let

2.

Let no fond Visions terrifie,
 nor whining Lovers Ghosts appear ;
 Lest I again with Love comply,
 again to bow with cringing fear ;
 Once more to be by Females cross'd,
 Court base-born Beauties for disdain;
 And be in Loves dark Abyss lost,
 for those that let me suffer pain.

Song.

1.

CAN Life be a Blessing,
 That's worth our possessing ?
 Can Life be a blessing if Love were away ?
 Ah no ! though our Love all night keeps us waking,
 and though he torment us with cares all the day :
 Yet he sweetens, he sweetens, our pains in the taking
 there's an hour at the last, an hour to repay.

2.

In every possessing,
 So Heavenly a blessing,
 in every possessing the fruit of our pain :
 Poor Lovers forget long ages of anguish,
 whate're they have suffer'd and done to obtain :
 'Tis a pleasure, a pleasure, to sigh and to languish,
 when we hope, when we hope to be happy again.

3.

For Love is a Blessing,
 That's worth our possessing,
 great Love is that Blessing for which we contend:
 Incircled in pleasures, to charms that are lasting,
 how happy are Lovers that mutually bend :
 Oh to manage, to manage, their loves without wasting
 those Heavenly, Heavenly, moments to spend.

Song

Song.

1.

SO Ravishing fair, is the Nymph that I love,
 As spotless and Chaste as an Innocent Dove,
 Adorn'd with bright Vertues, and all that we
 prize,
 Which first made me yield to her conquering eyes:
 Such glorious perfections in a Mortal somet,
 May charm the high *Jove*, and his *Juno* defeat;
 Her Smiles are so powerful, they melt me like snow,
 And make the strong Tydes of my passion o're-flow.

2.

But Oh! she proves cruel, for when I request,
 She turn'd away blushing, whilest silence exprest;
 That a Cloud of displeasure o're-cast her bright face,
 Which otherwise Angel-like, Nature did Grace;
 So she makes me despair, and lament my hard fate,
 Whilest a thousand fond fancies my thoughts do create.
 Oh! she slabs me with fears, when I think on the
 power,
 She has to destroy me, o'rewhelm'd in Loves tower.

Song.

1.

WHither away my own *Dick*,
 And whither away so late?
 I'm going to see my *Nelly*,
 so weel as I know the Gate;
 so weel as I know the Gate,
 but better I ken the Gim;
 For let me come early or late,
 my *Nelly* will let me in.

2. N

2.

No sooner he was got in,
 a black-Pudding's by the Fire ;
 Not one bit *Dickey* would Eat,
 till *Nelly* had done his desire ;
 For *Dickey* he knew the way
 to open his *Nelly's* Ginn ;
 And if he came early or late,
 his *Nelly* would let him in.

3.

Then *Dickey* he woo'd his *Nelly*,
 and she did begin to smile ;
 He stroak'd her over the Belly,
 and *Nelly* he did beguile :
 For *Dickey* was grown so cunning,
 to open his *Nelly's* Ginn,
 And when he came early or late,
 his *Nelly* would let him in.

Song.

1.

Sawny was tall, and of Noble Race,
 and lov'd me better than any e'ne ;
 But now he ligs by another La's,
 and *Sawny* will ne'r be my Love again ;
 I gave him a fine Scotch Sark and Band,
 I gave him Houfe, I gave him Land,
 I let him Angle in my Fish Pond ;
 But *Sawny* will ne'r be my Love again.

2.

I robb'd the Groves of all their store,
 and Nosegays made to give *Sawny* e'ne ;
 He kist my breast, and fain wou'd he more,
 geud faith I thought him a bonny e'ne :

He squeez'd my Fingers, grasp'd my Knee,
 And carv'd my Name on each green Tree ;
 He sigh'd and he languish'd to lig by me ;
 Yet *Sanny* will ne'r be my Love again.

3.

My Bongrace and my Sun-burn'd Face,
 he prais'd, and also my Ruffet Gown ;
 But now he dotes on the Copper-Lace
 of some lewd Quean of *London Town* :
 He gang'd and he gave her Curds and Cream,
 Whilest I poor soul sat fighting at h'erne,
 He ne'r joy'd *Sanny*, but in a Dream ;
 And *Sanny* will ne'r be my Love again.

Song.

1.

Smilng *Phillis* has an Air,
 so engaging all men Love her ;
 But her hidden Beauties are
 wonders I dare nor discover :
 So bewitching that in vain
 I endeavour to forget her ;
 Still she brings me back again,
 And I daily Love her better.

2.

Beauty springs within her Eyes,
 and from thence is always flowing ;
 Every minute doth surprize,
 with fresh Beauties still allowing :
 Were she but as kind as fair,
 never Earth had such a Creature ;
 But I dye with jealous Care,
 And I daily Love her better.

Song

Song.

I.

How Unhappy is my Fate,
 forc'd by Honours proud alarms ;
 To storm Ambition does create,
 and leave *Dorinda's* softer Charms.
 Instead of Days and Nights of Love,
 lull'd upon peaceful Beds of Down ;
 Must through a Thousand dangers rove,
 and tho' I Conquer, be o'rethrown ;
 For when *Dorinda* I must leave,
 For time hath nothing more to give.

2.

Pleasant Groves and parting Streams,
 made for Lovers kind Repose ;
 Songs, and Kisses, and sweet Dreams :
 all these Blessings I must lose.
 When Drums and Trumpets Ring my Knell,
 and e'ry footstep is my Grave ;
 Then my *Dorinda*, then Farewel,
 and pity him, Love could not save.
 Tho' Fate oppos'd, his Heart was true,
 And dying, sigh'd, and thought of you.

Song.

I.

MAn that gains a Married Treasure,
 Puts himself in Debt to Pleasure ;
 And by sordid Repetition,
 Palls his Fancy in Fruition :
 Household cares will always be distracting,
 Women Mutinous and Exacting,

More

More than Husbands can allow 'um,
 Let them have their wills
 Abroad, in Bed, at Board,
 Or you undoe them.

2.

Beauties Empire like the *Cressant*,
 Should be Youthful, Airy, Pleasant;
 They that love but for enjoying,
 Feed their Lusts with Loves destroying:
 Verrue should be still admiring,
 Always constant and aspiring;
 When they lose their Native freedom,
 And their Beauties decoy'd,
 Enjoy'd, Destroy'd,
 Fate ill does lead 'um.

Song.

1.

Blush not Redder than the Morning,
 Though the Virgins give you warning;
 Sigh not at the chance beset you,
 Though they smile, and dare not tell you:
 Sigh not at the, &c.

2.

Maids like Turtles love the Cooing,
 Bill and murmur in their Wooing:
 Thus like you they start and tremble,
 And their treabl'd joys dissemble.
 Thus like, &c.

3.

Grasp the pleasure while 'tis coming,
 Though your Beauties now a blooming;
 Lest old Time your joys do sever,
 Ah! ah! they part, they part for ever:
 Lest old time, &c.

Son

Song.

1.

THis Bumper to *Bacchus* we'll drink it all round,
 Whilest our cares in the streams of our pleasures
 are drown'd,
 And our heads like the Glasses turn equally round.

2.

Damn the Ale and Tobacco, 'tis nothing but Wine
 Inspires a Mans Soul, and makes a Divine,
 It will Sacrifice us to fair *Venus's* shrine.

3.

Let Porters carouse in black Pipers, whilest we
 Drink nought but the juice of the sacrific'd Tree ;
 To *Bacchus* and *Venus* we'll Votaries be.

4.

Let e'ry Man stand with his Bottle and suck,
 Hang the Man that does sip, let him drink like a Duck
 And when we're all drunk, we will range like a Buck

Song.

1.

STrife, hurry, and noise, that fills the lewd Town
 sure at last 'tis time to give over ;
 And in the calm shades of the Country alone,
 blest quiet and ease to recover.

2.

Smiling hopes, idle fears, and restless desires,
 are the busie mans constant attendants ;
 What he vainly pursues, the mind that retires,
 already is come to the end on't.

Sing

Song.

Phaebus God belov'd by Men,
 At thy dawn every Beast is rous'd in his Den;
 At thy Setting all the Birds of thy absence com-
 plain,

And we dye, all dye, till the morning come again.

Phaebus God belov'd by Men,
 Idol of the Eastern Kings,
 Awful as the God who flings
 His Thunders round, and Lightning wings;
 God of Songs and Orphean strings,
 Who to this Mortal Bosom brings
 All Harmonious Heavenly things,
 Thy drowsie Prophet to Revive,
 Ten thousand thousand Forms before him drive,
 With Horses and Chariots all, O Fire awake him,
 Convulsions and Furies and Prophecies shake him;
 Let him tell it in Groans, tho' he bend with the load,
 Tho' he burst with the weight of the terrible God.

Song.

1.

Hail mighty *Venus*! at whose Shrine,
 To offer up, is my design,
 A Virgins Rose, which blooming long,
 Has rais'd those wishes, Love made strong:
 And now I dare no longer stay,
 But must thy great Commands obey.

2.

Oh! see the Youth, whose conqu'ring Charms,
 Have made me yield unto his Arms;
 He comes, he comes, I can no more,
 Yet in Loves Field must not give o're:

Me-

Methinks that glance shot from his Eyes,
Confirm'd my Soul Loves Sacrifice.

3.

Oh me ! I Sigh, but all in vain,
Till Loves strong-Cordial ease my pain ;
Then gallant Youth make haste away,
What means this slight Delay ?
That unregarded Sacred Fire,
Upon Loves Altar must expire.

4.

Oh ! now methinks I have him fast,
And we transporting moments waste ;
Methinks we in each other breathe
Our mutual Souls, and so bequeath
The mutual portions of fair Love,
Yet Oh ! methinks too weak they prove.

Song.

1.

A Maid they say is an easie thing,
and by Youngsters will quickly be led
With fair pretences, as in a string,
to play at Balls with her Maiden-head :
Putting the Raiser in with her Hand,
And when she has it within Command,
Then by her Art conjure it to stand :
And yet let it never suffer Pain.

2.

When she has order'd all things fit,
and by her Liker contentment found ;
Twice in a place the Raiser she'll hit,
catching the Balls at an equal Rebound :

Puffing and Panting hold on the Game,
Till she has made her Play-mate tame,
And worsted, hang down his Head for shame :
And yet let it never suffer pain.

3.

Therefore let all Youngsters know,
although it shou'd be as they say ;
Yet they must yield when they charge us below,
for Three to One we can hold 'um in Play
Whilest our Courage active appears,
We make them still to us in Arrears,
Yet leave them nothing stiff but their Ears :
Notwithstanding they dare not complain.

Song.

1.

Farewel Ungrateful Traynor,
farewel my perjur'd Swain ;
Let never Injur'd Creature,
believe a Man again :
The pleasure of possessing,
Surpasses all expressing,
But Joy's too short a Blessing,
and love too long a pain ;
But Joy's too short, &c.

2.

Tis easie to Deceive us,
in pity of your pain ;
But when we love, you leave us
to Rail at you in vain :
Before we have Descry'd it,
There is no Bliss beside it ;
But she that once has try'd it,
will never love again :
But she that, &c.

The

3.

The passion you pretended,
 was only to obtain,
 But when the Charm is ended,
 the Charmer you disdain :
 Your love than ours was easier,
 Till we have lost our Treasure ;
 But Dying is a pleasure,
 when living is a pain :
 But Dying, &c.

Song.

1.

AS on his Death-Bed gasping *Strephon* lay,
Strephon the wonder of the Plains,
 The noblest of th' *Arcadian* Swains,
Strephon the noblest, wittiest, and the gay :
 With many a sigh and many a tear, he said,
 Remember me ye *Shepherds* when I'm dead.

2.

Ye trifling Glories of the World adieu,
 And vain applauses of the Age,
 For when we quit this Earthly Stage,
 Believe me *Shepherds*, for I tell you true :
 Those pleasures which from vertuous deeds we have
 Procure the sweetest slumbers in the Grave.

3.

Then since this fatal hour will surely come,
 Surely your Heads lye low as mine,
 Your bright *Meridian* Sun Decline,
 Beseech the mighty *Pan* to guide you home :
 If to *Elizium* you would Happy flye,
 Live not like *Strephon*, but like *Strephon* Dye.

Song.

1.

Why how now Rogue, what make you here?
Woon you ware your penny for a flaggon of
beer?

Good faith with all his heart, if I could but tell where.

2.

Ween you gang to yond Wheather which hangs by
the middle?

So we'll Fuddle our Noses, and Drink to Old Sibyl,
And faith we would Dance if we had but a Fiddle.

3.

Hoy Hostler, hoy Hostler, are you within?
Ods-flesh he is Drunk, which makes him so grim.
You are welcome kind Sir, will you please to walk in.

4.

Come fill us a Flaggon o'th' best in the House,
And bring us some Bread, with a great deal of Sowse,
Or else for the Shot we'll not give you a Lowse.

5.

Come Honest Rogue, and sit by the fire,
A pox of the Devil, the Pope, and the Fryar;
To have settled Times is all we Desire.

Song.

Think not dear Love that I'll reveal
Those hours of pleasure we two steal;
Nor Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun,
Descry what thee and I have done:
Nor Ear shall hear of Love, but we
As silent as the Night, will be:

The

The God of Love himself, whose Dart,
Doth first wound mine, and then thine heart;
Shall never know what we can tell,
What sweets in stoln embraces dwell.

Song.

1.

Great *Monmouth's* a Duke,
so flush'd with Renown;
Tho' Fortune rebuke,
he fears not her frown:
His Conquering Laurels
are green on his brow;
Tho' Fate with him quarrels,
his Vertue'll ne'r bow.

2.

Brave Conduct in Arms,
and Glory in Field;
Like *Mars* in alarms,
his Sword he does wield.
Brave causes attend him,
where ever he goes;
Victoria defends him,
i'th' midst of his foes.

3.

So dreadful in War,
a Prince of such Fame;
That none can compare
with his Victorious Name:
Then let him for ever
in happiness dwell;
And may the Fates never,
against him Rebel, &c.

Song.

I.

L I've long the great *Cesar*, and long may he reign,
 His Throne let the Sword of bright Justice tu-
 and *Jehova* protect with his powerful Arm, (slain;
 And guard him secure from all dangers and harm
 Of daz'ing Angels, let Legions surround,
 And let him with Conquests and glory be Crown'd.

2.

Let Majesty shine with its sparkling Rays,
 On his Sacred Head let the flourishing Bays
 Of Triumph and Honour, for ever be green,
 And let his proud Foes in Confusion be seen
 To fly from his face: Let *Rome* no more dare,
 To send forth her Agents, a Prince to insnare.

3.

In whom all the Graces are jointly combin'd,
 Whom thou as a pattern, hast set to mankind;
 But let the vile Pope and his Jesuite Train,
 Be silenc'd in Darkness, whilest *Cesar* does Reign:
 Oh! let his proud Foes be consum'd in their pride,
 Whilest under his Scepter we safely abide.

Song.

Honours a Toy,
 'Tis Virtue is all,
 Withour it, the other
 is nothing at all;
 Or at the most
 is wanderous small.
 Pleasure and treasure
 admit of a seizure,
 But Virtue to casualties
 is not at leisure.

Song.

Song.

1.

Triumphant Queen of Beauty,
 Ah you whose Lightning Eyes
 Make me express my Duty,
 That once did Love despise;
 No force had all its Charming,
 Fond Cupid I disdain'd,
 And smile to see him Arming,
 To make me feel Loves pain.

2.

But now alas your features
 Have Charm'd me ; Soul of Love,
 Excelling Mortal Creatures,
 O let some Pity move,
 To th' Conquer'd be not Cruel,
 Dart, Dart some kindly Rays ;
 Let not my Heart be Fuel,
 That evermore must blaze.

Song.

1.

Could Man his wish obtain,
 How happy would he be ?
 But wishes seldom gain,
 And hopes they are in vain,
 If fortunes disagree.
 Pity ye Powers of Love,
 Our Infelicity.

2.

Why should the Fates conspire,
 To frustrate my desire,
 Since Love's the gentle fire,
 That keeps the world alive ;

Let me it puts to pain,
My wishes are in vain,
Nor promise any hopes to gain.

Song.

1.

When gentle Slumber closed
My long long-waking Eyes,
And I on Down reposed,
Methought ten thousand Joys
Had wrapt my Soul; for then
I did suppose my Love
Fast in my arms had been,
And I her Charms did prove.

2.

Transported with the thought,
I fancy'd none so blest,
But 'twas a shade I caught,
And only air I prest,
Which waking, wounded more
Than Mortal can express,
And to the Stygian shoar
Fled all my happiness.

Song.

1.

All hail to the Pleasures of Love,
All hail to the amorous Charms,
Where a chaste Passion does move,
Th' embrace of each others soft arms,
Where kisses do usher Love on,
Soft Sighs and sweet Murmurs invite,
Whilest panting they pause, and then soon
Afresh they begin their delight.

H

2. Then

2.

Then who'd not enjoy such a bliss,
 To pass away Winters long shade,
 With Beauty, to Toy, Clip and Kiss,
 And on her soft bosom be laid,
 And like the kind Turtles be billing,
 To call on new pleasures apace,
 And striving to see who's most willing,
 Again and again to embrace.

A Catch.

TO the Wars, to the Wars,
 To get Honour and Fame,
 Let us banish all fears,
 To create us a Name,
 The grim Tyrant out-face,
 And his Terrors despise,
 For by that we take place,
 Amongst Stars in the Skies.

Song.

1.

ARise ye Winds from your rough Caves,
 And rouse, O rouse the swelling Waves,
 O drive my Love again to Shore,
 That I may see his Face once more;
 Who flies from me on the broad back
 Of the Salt Ocean, through the track
 Of yielding Floods, whilst left alone.
 I sigh, and tell deaf Rocks my moan.

2.

Cruel, O cruel, how he swore,
 He me for ever would adore

Next to the Pow'rs Divine, but see
 The Pow'rs of Love, Mens treachery;
 Too easie my beliefs betray'd,
 And all my hopes just blooming, fade;
 Grief, grief come on, to thee I'll wed,
 And on this Sea-bank make my bed.

3.

Come Sea-Nymphs from your Coral Caves,
 And rise blew Trytons from your Waves,
 Revenge my Death, O close my eyes,
 For wrong'd in Love, a Virgin dies,
 Witness the Fires that burn so bright,
 Witness the Tapers of the night;
 Witness the Spring and Groves she cry'd,
 And then she laid her down and dy'd.

Song.

A How pleasant are the Charms of Love,
 Which like streams are always flowing!
 Ah how pleasant are the Charms of Love,
 Which like Streams are always flowing!
 So my Passions still a growing,
 Nothing but *Celia's* Eyes can move,
 So my Passion's still a growing,
 Perfect and Immortal as the Joys above.

Song.

1.

O Ne Moon-shiny Night, as I walked out late,
 I saw a pale Image, and sadly it sate,
 At first I did think it might be some sad Ghost,
 That lately had stray'd from *Elysium's* Coast;
 But I found my mistake, for alas 'twas not so,
 But a sad Female that once I did know,
 She bewailed her hard Fate, and loudly she cry'd,
 When I believ'd Man first, I wish I had dy'd.

H. 2.

2. For

2.

For ah my Virginitie that is no more,
 Too easie I credited all that he swore,
 But when he'd undone me, and got his desire,
 Oh then 'twas he Fled, and no more did admire.
 Therefore ye Young Damsels, who bloom in your
 Prime,

Beware how false Man in your thoughts too high climb
 Who dares to Invoke the bright Powers all above,
 To Witness his Constancy, Passion and Love,

3.

How to us Devotion for ever he'll pay,
 When as he our Honours designs to betray,
 Which being once done Oh no more he proves kind,
 But leaves us, and seeks a new Object to find.
 When we lament may our unhappy State,
 But then it avails not, for oh 'tis too late,
 What's done can't be undone, then prove not too late
 But take my Advice, for I speak as I find.

Song.

1.

HA now I am Married, let others take care,
 I've one to provide for me, and I'll not spare;
 I'll take me a Coach, and away to *Hide-Parke*,
 There I'll be Courted by every spark :
 There's none shall go finer whilst that it does hold,
 My Gown shall be *Tissue*, all spangl'd with Gold.

2.

My Jewels and Rings, and whatever beside,
 I will have, that may but conduce to my Pride ;
 If Husband dare grumble, I'll graft such a Crest,
 As it shall soon make him be known from the rest,
 Whilst I with fine Gallants do take my delight,
 We'll Revel all day, and we'll sport it all Night.

Song.

I.

BY Yea and Nay, now I am mov'd,
 Come *Rachel* come, you must be prov'd;
 The Inward Man has plainly said,
 When *Satan's* up, he must be laid,
 And now I say to thee he's stiff,
 Prepare thy Vessel with the Cliff;
 Yea, Buffet him till he is down,
 By Yea and Nay you must not frown.

2.

The Wicked shall not see it done :
 Nay, now the Raging fit comes on,
 The outward man does strongly rise,
 O hold him fast between thy Thighs,
 Nay, till he's Tame, let him not go,
 Although he struggle never so.
 So, so, 'tis done, and now I say,
 Gods Lambs together thus may play.

Song.

I.

A S through the Woods I roved,
 A Nymph there Naked lay,
 Whose Charms so powerful proved,
 That they enforc'd my stay :
Diana sure said I
 Does sweetly here repose,
 The Goddess of the Sky,
 Who her pale Mantle throws.

2.

Over the Darkest shades,
 Pardon bright form I cry'd,
 For Love my heart Invades,
 And to her then I hi'd;
 No longer could I hold,
 But clasp'd her in my Arms,
 Who struggling in that Fold,
 Produc'd a thousand Charms.

Song.

Powers on high,
 From the Sky,
 Cast an Eye,
 And espy
 The Flames that do-Consume my Soul;
 Tyrant Love
 He does move,
 And does prove,
 Fierce as *Jove*,
 Whose flaming Thunders shake the Pole;
 Cruel fair
 Cause of care,
 Beauteous snare,
 O yet hear,
 And do not all my Joys controul.

Song.

1.

Jugg what zaist thou, shall we be marry'd?
 For in good troth we's long have tarry'd:
 Oh at thy Lips *Jugg* to have a smack
 Is not all, thou hast something that's black,

The

That better will please me, for I long
To have a Buckle fit for my Thong;
Then say *Jugg*, say *Jugg*, shall it be so?
And Ise unto the Parson will go.

2.

O kind *Hodg*, I fear you do but jest;
But if in Earnest, I think it best
That you my *Grannums* good will do get,
And then we soon will forwards set;
For why you know, she's a good old Trot,
And may give us the Devil knows what;
As for Fittermilk and Whay, I am sure
We shall not want whilest she has store.

3.

By my Fathers clouted Shoon thou'rt right,
And I'll unto the old Jade this night,
And then *Jugg* to morrow for the sport,
When Ise shall use thee in muckle sort,
Buss thee and hugg thee till thou dost sweat,
When in thy smock I once do thee get;
O the fancy does make my Chops water,
To think when marry'd what will come after.

Song.

1.

Hark how the loud Trumpets they shrilly do sound,
And Drums they do Rattle, whilest Echoes re-
b-sund,
The fierce Prancing Steeds, whose Nostrils breathe
flame,
Stand champing their Bits, whilest that Eagle wing'd
fame,
Spurs on the brave Warriour, Deaths fears to deride,
And where Battel rages, in Arms to abide.

2. Whilest

2.

Whilest Leaden Thunder-bolts sing round his Head,
 And the Crimson Fields are bestrowed with the Dead
 The clashing bright Swords, and the shaking of Spears
 Are the best musick that sounds in his Ears;
 Such is brave *Monmouth*, the dread of whose Name
 Made *Monsieur* to tremble, *Scotch* Rebels did tame.

A Catch.

WHEN *Jove* to fair *Danae* in showres of Gold,
 Made first his Addresses in the Brazen hold,
 The Virgin she blush'd and admir'd, till at last
 The glittering Ore in a trance had her cast,
 And then he Embrac'd her, for scarce is it said,
 That any holds out, when such Batteries are made;
 Brisk Lasses oft-times to an *Incubus* wed,
 If he but with Gold, and with Silver be sped,

Song.

1.

TORTURE me no more you pangs of Love,
 I'll not endure your Cruelties:
 Alas that Vertue it shou'd prove,
 Of force too weak for Womans Eyes;
 That the keen glances those Orbs send,
 Should through our Souls a passage gain,
 That man his thoughts should solely bend,
 To seek for that which causes pain.

2.

Indulgent folly, hence away,
 Beauties bright Beams I will rebate,
 Its Charms no more shall me betray,
 Nor will I court my rigid Fate;

Loves

Love's God, your Shafis keep in your Quiver,
For Vertue shall their force repel:
I once have Lov'd, but more will never,
Never such languid Torments feel.

Song.

1.

TWa bonny Lads were *Sawny* and *Jockey*,
But *Jockey* was Lo'd, and *Sawny* unlucky;
Yet *Sawny* was tall, well favour'd and witty,
But Ise in my heart thought *Jockey* more pretty:
For when he view'd me, su'd me, woo'd me,
Never was Lad so like to undo me:
Fie I cry'd, and almost dy'd,
Lest *Jockey* would gang and come no mere to me.

2.

Jockey would love, but he would not Marry,
And I was afraid that I should miscarry;
For his cunning Tongue with Wit was so gilded,
That I had a dread my heart would a yielded:
Daily he prest me, blest me, kist me,
Lost was the hour methought when he mist me:
Crying, deny'ng, and sighing I woo'd him,
And mickle ado I had to get from him.

3.

But unlucky Fate robb'd me of my Jewel,
For *Sawny* would make him fight in a Duel;
Then down in a Dale with Cyprus surrounded,
Oh! there in my sight poor *Jockey* was wounded:
But when he thrill'd him, fell'd him, kill'd him,
Who can express my grief that beheld him?
Raging, I tore my hair to bind him,
And vowed and swore I'd ne r stay behind him.

Song.

Song.

I.

AH! *Jenny Gin*, your Eyn do kill,
 you'll let me tell my pain;
 Geud Faith Iſe lov'd againſt my will,
 but would not break my Chain :
 I eance was call'd a bonny Lad,
 till that fair face of yours,
 Betray'd the freedom once I had,
 and all my blither hours.

2.

And now, weys me, like Winter looks
 my faded ſhowring cyn;
 And on the banks of ſhaddowing brooks,
 I paſs the tedious time :
 Iſe call the ſtreams that glide ſoft on,
 to witneſs if they ſee
 On all the banks they glide along,
 ſo true a Swain as me.

3.

No, none could e're ſo faithſul prove,
 no love can mine exceed;
 Yet in this Maze Iſe ſtill muſt move,
 where hopes are all my feed :
 Then *Jenny* turn thy eyes on me,
 O turn thy bluſhing Face;
 Let *Jockey* now ſome comfort ſpee,
 or elſe he dees apace.

4.

My Flocks they all neglected are,
 and ſtray in yonder Grove;
 Whileſt here Iſe court my pretty fair,
 and fain would have her love:

Then Prethee *Jenny* be not coy,
for a more constant Swain,
Never did bonny Lads enjoy,
upon this flowery Plain.

The Farewel.

Lovers farewel, our pastime's at an end,
Speak as you find, yet flatter not your friend.
The pleasure's yours, the trouble once was mine,
But were it ten times more, could I refine
Love's mighty business, that no Criticks Eye,
Though Eagle-sighted, could a fault espy;
Ladies, I'd do't, and lay it at your feet,
And only beg that it one smile might meet.
That, that should recompence for all my pain,
That should be all that I would hope to gain.

F I N I S.

Oh Love thou art a treasure
Should constancy remain
But for an hour of pleasure
We feel an age of pain
How eager is the lover
But when his joy is o'er
Poor women do discover
The vows of men are vain

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